

# The TATLER

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January 20, 1937



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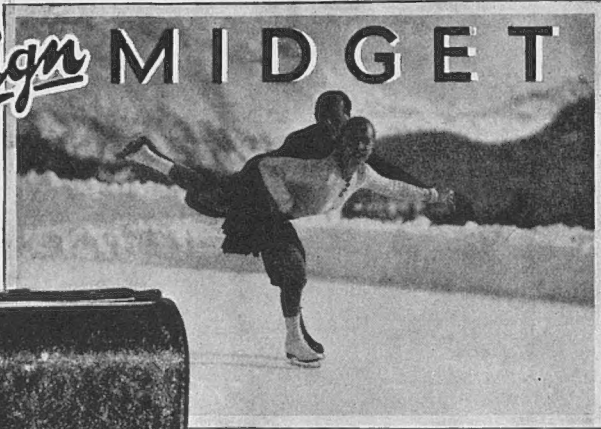
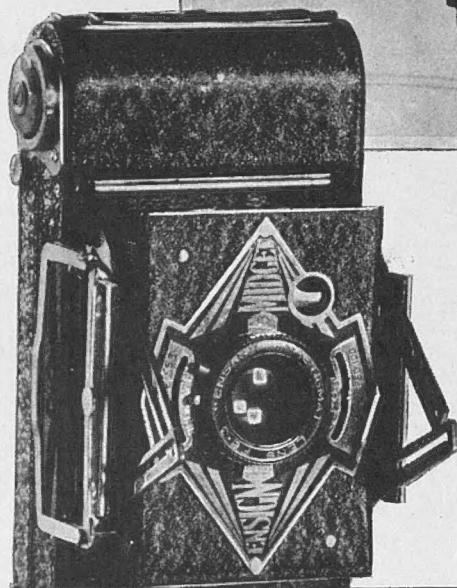
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

# The TATTLER

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*Bertram Park, Dover Street*

## THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

New and striking portraits of the King, so unexpectedly called to the Throne, and Her Majesty, seen in the inset, and who shares King George's keen interest in social problems, of which, with particular reference to industrial conditions, he has made a special study. At this time, when a very far-reaching revival of industrial prosperity is possible, it is singularly fortunate that we should have a ruler so well versed in the affairs of factory and workshop





AT THE DARTMOOR HUNT BALL

The famous hunt whose kennel has supplied valuable drafts to many packs, notably the Quorn, held its hunt ball at Moorland Links, Yelverton. Captain J. T. Coryton of Pentillie, Cornwall, seen on the left of the above group, is the son of a former famous Dartmoor Master, the late Mr. William Coryton, who had them from 1889 till 1936. The others in the picture are Miss Lopes, a daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Albertha Lopes, of Maristow, Mrs. Crutchley, who is Captain Coryton's sister and the wife of Captain Victor Crutchley, V.C., R.N., and Captain Parker

"A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

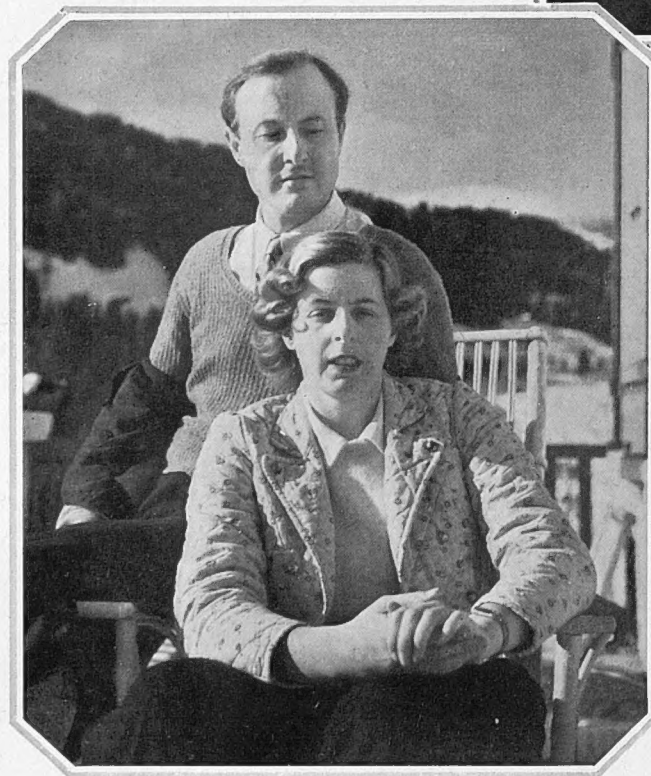
HOW well we know those friends who, offering one an uneatable meal or a fireless room, remark: "I knew you wouldn't mind, you are such an old friend."

Why should strangers receive courtesy, consideration and attention which is considered "too good" and unnecessary on longer acquaintance? Affection should never be tested too severely, especially by trifles. For friendship is broken more surely by an unreturned book, and a tepid hot-water bottle than by tragedy or drama!

\* \* \*  
Mid-January, or rather the third week of the first month of the year, is not the best time about which to write of Society in London.

The simple reason is that Society either isn't there, or its appearances are confined to a few brief meetings at lunch or supper—guests are usually on the way South or have come back merely to pack up again to go somewhere the sun can be relied on to shine. Who would be in London while January or February is here?—not many who can afford to go somewhere else!

The urge to go South has been translated pretty generally into action. Along the Riviera, hotels, already fairly



VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS ACHESON

A snapshot taken just the other day at Gstaad, where they have been winter sporting under splendid conditions. Flying-Officer Lord Acheson, R.A.F., who was at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, is the Earl of Gosford's elder son. He married, in 1935, Miss Francesca Cagiati, daughter of Mr. Francesco Cagiati, of Dover, Massachusetts. Lady Acheson's father is exceedingly well known in Italian artistic circles and has acted as supervisor to an exhibition of the Vatican's art treasures

## PANORAMA



Bassano

MRS. DUNCAN SANDYS  
AND HER SON JULIAN

Julian Sandys, who was four months old yesterday (January 19), is Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's first grandchild, and consequently comes in for a good deal of family spoiling. He lately acquired a new uncle by the marriage of his aunt, Miss Sarah Churchill to Mr. Vic Oliver, the American actor. Julian's father, Mr. Duncan Sandys, who was formerly at the Foreign Office, has been member for Norwood since the by-election of March, 1935

full, are getting more and more crowded. One villa after another is being opened.

Lord Derby has arrived at his villa, Sansovino, at Cannes, where he and Lady Derby usually entertain a succession of guests throughout their stay. The weather seems to have been behaving better than for years. As I write, lucky people on the Riviera have had unbroken sunshine for three weeks—a pretty good record for this time of the year.

Florence Lady Trent gave a good party at her lovely villa, Springlands—a fork supper, bridge, and dancing to keep guests amused till the early hours.

"Lots of yachts in the harbour," adds my correspondent.

I can think of many worse places in which to live than a comfortable floating flat—a good many of these yachts stay put for the season—an easy solution of the housing problem, as the cost for tying up is negligible.

Recently back from the Riviera is Mrs. Redmond McGrath, who has been staying at the Villa La Garoupe at Antibes, where Mr. Reginald Purbrick has been entertaining relays of friends. Mrs. Cunningham Reid, who went off to Davos with her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, returned to London a few days ago and is staying at her sister's Brook House flat. Lord and Lady Louis and their two daughters are also back—Miss Patricia Mountbatten began a new term at day school last week.

Back in London, too, is Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys. The former Liberian Minister in London (he's a Dutchman by birth, by the way) looked, as every prospective bridegroom ought to look, very happy. He got engaged the other day to Mrs. Lorraine Manville and they hope to get married in New York in March.

\* \* \*

No doubt it is the absence abroad of so many opera patrons that accounts for vacant seats at Covent Garden. Those who do go, however, are well rewarded. At the height of the Grand Summer Season I've seen no greater reception given to any singer than that which marked Hildegarde Ranczak's debut in Salome. Experts may differ on her rendering of the heroine, but there was no doubt about the feelings of the audience as a whole.

Lady Cunard from the Royal Box—it seems her usual place at Covent Garden just now—signified approval. With her were the Duchess of Westminster, all in black, and Mr. Harcourt Johnstone. In the foyer, where for once it was possible to get to the bar or procure a sandwich without being obliged to miss a part of the next act, was Lady Alexandra Haig, escorted by the Hon. James Smith, whose curly head is one of the most unmistakable in London.

Viscountess Howe, in the front row of the stalls, was a lovely figure in a pinkish mauve dress, and Lady Alice Mahon, faithful supporter of the Opera Season, was seated not far off. Princess Bismarck was another member of the audience, slender, elegant, and wrapped in fur-trimmed red velvet.



WITH THE BELVOIR: THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY AND LADY URSULA MANNERS

The lady pack, as is customary with the sex where foxhounds at any rate are concerned, is seen as effusively affectionate as usual. Lord Granby is the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's eldest son and Lady Ursula Manners is his elder sister. Lady Isobel Manners, the younger daughter of the house, recently married Mr. Loel Guinness. The Duke of Rutland's hounds were at Waltham-on-the-Wolds the day the above snapshot was taken.



"LABURNUM GROVE" BY DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS

Lord Duncannon as "Inspector Stack" and Lady Susan Birch as "Mrs. Lucy Badley" at a rehearsal of J. B. Priestley's famous play, of which three very excellent performances were given at the Stansted Park Theatre at Rowlands Castle last week. Stansted is Lord Bessborough's seat and Lord Duncannon is his son and heir. Lady Susan Birch is an aunt of Lord Hardwicke.



AT THE MANSION HOUSE DINNER IN AID OF THE LONDON CADETS

Lord Crewe and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt were at the banquet at the Mansion House on January 13 in connection with the appeal for funds for the London (City and County) and Middlesex Cadet Committee. Lord Crewe and other speakers, including the Secretary of State for War, spoke of the very high value of the Cadet Corps to recruiting as well as in civil life. Mr. Duff Cooper describing the cause as one so outstandingly good that it seemed shameful that it should need to appeal for support.

Hunt balls are still keeping enthusiasts in the Shires busy.

There is sure to be a good deal of entertaining in Rutland and Leicestershire for the Cottesmore Hunt Ball, to be held a few days hence in Stapleford Park, the lovely home of Colonel John Gretton, M.P.

It is probably not overstating things to say that the Cottesmore Hunt Ball is the most popular event of its kind in the Shires. In the district there is great satisfaction that the ball is being held in a private house rather than in a public hall at Oakham.

Colonel Gretton, though he does not often ride nowadays, has been associated officially with the Cottesmore Hounds for many years. His two daughters, Lady Floyd and Mrs. Edward W. Brook, love the hunting game, both in and out of Leicestershire.

Both sisters, curiously enough, married Equerries to the Duke of Gloucester. "Teddy" Brook, with whom the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have recently been staying for a hunting holiday at Warwick Lodge, Melton, has been the Duke's companion on various sporting trips outside England. The two have been on safari together in East Africa, and have always been close friends.

When Captain Brook married Miss Molly Gretton at St. Margaret's, Westminster, over three years ago, the Duke of Gloucester was best man. He is also godfather to the little daughter of his Equerry, with whom he has stayed at Kinmount House, Dumfriesshire, both before and since his own marriage.

Sir Henry Floyd, once an Equerry to H.R.H., gave up the job some years ago when he became interested in business—in his case business connected with the auctioneering of works of art and family treasures.

(Continued overleaf)

## PANORAMA—continued

Colonel Gretton's interest in sport is not confined to horses and hunting. He is a keen yachtsman, a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and a familiar figure at the Squadron Castle at Cowes.

Four Courts in Coronation Year seems a disappointingly small number, until one remembers the vast amount of work that will fall on the shoulders of the King and Queen this season and the number of engagements they will have to fulfil. Actually, however, it is not unlikely that the number of presentations made will be equal to the average of other years. In the first place, the Courts themselves may be lengthened slightly in order to allow more presentations—in the second, the fourth Court to be held at Holyroodhouse in July will account for the majority of Scottish debutantes, who would otherwise be coming to Buckingham Palace.

The holding of Courts before the Coronation is not an innovation. I seem to remember reading that King George V and Queen Mary held two Courts before their Coronation.

Not for many years has there been a State Ball at which so many distinguished foreign guests will be present as the one which will be held in Coronation Week at Buckingham Palace. For any near approach to such a function we have to go back to the early days of the reign of King George V. Splendid as the ball will be, however, the 1937 function will hardly be the equal of its predecessors of twenty-seven years ago. The number of reigning sovereigns has been diminished quite a lot since those days.

News of winter sports this week comes from Villars, four thousand feet above Bex, that sequestered hamlet in the valley of the Rhône where shoals of suntanned, ski-booted individuals alight from the express and board the strange, tram-like conveyance which hauls them up to the snow-fields.

Somehow it seems strange to find such a well-appointed town on top of a mountain, but Villars is no mere village—there are more motor cars than sleighs. The scene is dominated by a super hotel, from the windows of which one can view a particularly awe-inspiring panorama of snow-capped peaks. Here a rather breathless Lady Blane explained that she had spent a strenuous afternoon piloting a flock of novices down the run from La Bretaye—assisted by her sister, Miss Ethel Levenson, whose outfit of china blue jersey, wind jacket, and "snappy" plus-fours looked definitely businesslike.

Lady Blane's daughter, Helen, is training with the Bill Bracken contingent at Klosters, where a number of other promising

"ski-euses" will be assembling before the middle of the month. Among them will be "Bunny" Paterson-Browne, who is at present at Mürren, under the chaperonage of Marjorie, Lady Nunburnholme.

Also staying at Villars was Sir Alan Cobham with his charming wife and two schoolboy sons. Sir Alan takes his skiing very seriously indeed and spends hours under the eagle eye of an instructor, while Lady Cobham curls her team to victory on the ice rink. Unfortunately, Lady Cobham took a nasty toss on the ice recently, but, luckily, she was well again in time to take part in one of the most important matches of the season.

Lady Kennet also confines her attentions to the rink, where she is to be seen skimming over the ice with bird-like agility. Her small son, Wayland, is Villars' star juvenile performer on skis.

Novices are numerous at this centre, where, nevertheless, the standard is extremely high. Sir George Franks is a very determined "beginner" at the age of sixty-eight, while another "learner" is Victor Wild, who was for three years the "wonder" bowler of the Eton eleven and last summer's vice-captain. His sister, Madame Pierre Jeannerat, is at Villars, too, and so are the Comtesse de Pomereu and her sister-in-law, the Princess Etienne de Croy.

An interesting recent event is the marriage of Miss Evelyn Meyrick Herbert to the famous jockey, Michael Beary. This is another case—I mentioned one last week—of people with similar tastes deciding to embark on matrimony.

Like Miss Joan Sebag-Montefiore, now married to Mr. Guy Peyton, Mr. and Mrs. Beary were first drawn towards each other by their mutual love of horses. In her case it is a taste inherited from her father, Colonel Percy Herbert, who was in the Royal Horse Artillery until he resigned from the army and turned his attention to training horses. But the outbreak of war saw him back again at his job of soldiering until, after a spell of duty with the troops, the Government decided to make use of his expert knowledge of horses and sent him to America to buy them. He belongs to the family of Herberts associated with Muckcross.

House-hunting is not altogether an easy business in Coronation year, but Viscountess Elibank hopes to be settled in a new home before the festivities begin. She and Viscount Elibank, who is President of the Empire Chamber of Commerce, returned to England recently from the tour of the Dominions on which they started last July. It took them among other places to Toronto, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland and Adelaide, and the Fiji Islands, where they had the curious experience of losing a day, arriving on a Tuesday and leaving next day on a Thursday!



MR. BILLY FILMER-SANKEY AND LORD DELAMERE AT EATON

A picture taken during one of the Duke of Westminster's recent parties when, in the intervals of killing pheasants, Mr. Filmer-Sankey, the Duke's son-in-law, and Lord Delamere played hard-court lawn tennis. Lord Delamere, who married Lord George Scott's eldest daughter, succeeded to the title in 1931. His father was for many years a pillar of the administration in Kenya



VIVIEN LEIGH—A CASUALTY AT SILS MARIA

The famous young English screen and stage actress is unluckily one of the casualties of the winter sporting season, and has twisted a knee. In private life she is Mrs. Leigh Holman: in her public existence she has been doing three films in succession without a break—*Fire Over England* (from A. E. W. Mason's stirring novel), *Dark Journey* and *Storm in a Tea Cup*. Everyone hopes that Mrs. Holman will be sound and well again very soon



AT IRISH TRIALS: MRS. SOLLY-FLOOD AND THE MCGILLYCUDDY OF THE REEKS



MR. AND MRS. H. CARTER WITH (Centre) MR. T. B. PONSONBY, AT WHOSE HOME KILCOOLEY ABBEY, IN TIPPERARY, GUN DOG TRIALS WERE RECENTLY HELD



Photos. Frank O'Brien  
THE HON. DAVID HELY-HUTCHINSON AND LADY DONOUGHMORE AT KILCOOLEY



AT PREBENDARY CARLILE'S 90th BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON: SIR J. REITH AND MR. ELGOOD



A CHRISTENING PARTY: MR. PETER CLIVE WITH DAUGHTER CAROLINE, AND MRS. PETER CLIVE WITH VERY YOUNG SON, COLIN GEORGE



MR. DONALD CAMERON AND MISS GLORIA GORDON AT THE FLORIDA

A diversity of operations is illustrated on this page. The three top pictures come from the Irish Free State, and were taken when the South of Ireland Gun Dog Trials were held at Kilcooley Abbey, Mr. T. B. Ponsonby's estate near Thurles. The Carters were staying at Kilcooley for the Trials, and from County Kerry came that famous Irish personality, the McGillicuddy of The Reeks, who married into the Courage clan: his name, it might be mentioned, is pronounced "Macklecuddy." The Hon. David Hely-Hutchinson, Lord and Lady Donoughmore's younger son, was another gun. Sir John Reith, Director General of the B.B.C., was among the many people who forgathered at the Church Army Headquarters last week when a luncheon was held in honour of the 90th birthday of its greatly beloved founder, Prebendary Carlile, to whom the King and Queen sent personal congratulations and good wishes. The christening of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Clive's son took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Colin George Clive is a grandson of Sir Robert Clive, British Ambassador to Japan. When Miss Gloria Gordon, daughter of Colonel William Gordon, V.C., was supping at the Florida with Mr. Donald Cameron—on leave from Guernsey, where he is soldiering—she was highly amused by the antics of "Snakehips" Johnson and his coloured band, whose "swing" music is among the best in London.

# THE CINEMA

## A Pronouncement

By JAMES AGATE

I AM now about to make the most important pronouncement that has ever been made or ever will be made with reference to the representational arts by any critic from Aristotle to Miss Lejeune. Aristotle couldn't have made it, and my fair rival who revealed her age in the matter of Mr. Bernstein's Questionnaire is obviously too young to have attained the years at which pronouncements are possible. This pronunciamento, obiter dictum, or whatever you like to call it, is that *the whole essence, bedrock, justification, and saving grace of the film is the stage-play!*

It is all very well talking about seeing things cinematically, which means chunks of rock flying at you straight out of the screen (Japanese Earthquake). Or shire-horses standing on a skyline (Russian Harvest). Or three curlews and a wave (Cornish Shipwreck). But the trouble with all these moving accidents by flood and field is that they are limited in number by Nature. Whereas the number of pettifogging little scrapes and holes in and out of which Humanity is for ever getting itself is limitless. Besides, an industry which re-enacted Tyre and Sidon in order to show their passing away would just pass-out out of sheer financial exhaustion. No, the future of the cinema is in the material of the theatre slightly adapted to film technique. Which merely means photographing the heroine from some obscure angle, say down the nape of her neck, or the hero from his boot-soles up. Anything else in connection with the art of the film is sheer bunk, and this Miss Lejeune will realise when she gets to forty. By the way, and this is a convenient place to say it, there is a certain type of magazine which aims to *épater* its readers by presenting its stuff slant-wise on the page, with alleged artistic results. Looking at things from the cinema angle is merely looking at them cock-eyed, and the artistry thereof is purely in the allegation. Once more—No! The future of the film does not lie with the film; it lies with the theatre. And that is why I am furious when newspapers, persuaded thereto by considerations of advertising space, run down or ignore the theatre in order, as they think, to boost the film. **THEY ARE KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS!**

The foregoing outburst is occasioned by the fact that I have just come away from two cinemas where I have seen two magnificent films adapted from plays—*Love from a Stranger* at the London Pavilion, and *Craig's Wife* at the Regal. Oddly enough neither film deals with a man who prefers his secretary to his wife, nor with a woman who prefers a Hungarian pianist to the Chicago pork-butcher who is her husband. (I cannot remember ever having seen any film of the domestic-drama order which did not deal with one or other of these themes!) The film made from Mr. Frank Vosper's play is about a murderer who murders for two reasons, to one of which the Censor has probably turned a blind eye. The film, you see, is about murder in its worst degree. You can always stop murder for money by giving the murderer enough money. But there is no restraining the murderer for passion. I have looked vainly in the dictionary for any modern link between cupidity and Cupid, which is odd because the professional killer seems to have a knack of combining the two. He does not love for money, and subsequently kill; his procedure is to go where money is and then start on the loving and the killing. The film misses three things which in the play were most effective—the grubbing in the waste-paper basket to verify that the murderer was not mistaken in his rich young woman, the burying in the rose bushes of some incriminating poison bottles, and certain horrid business with a veil. The film being a film, it goes without saying that it should leave out the best bits of the play, and I should be glad if Miss Lejeune would utilise some spare Sunday to tell us why this must always be. I have never known a film which was not less effective than the play from which it was taken. I do not mean less effective because of its medium, but in the sheer omission of good things. And then, of course, film versions of stage plays are nearly all worse acted. Miss Ann Harding represents a lady perhaps as nearly as any film star is ever likely to get. But unfortunately her decorum gets in the way of her acting.



SHARON LYNN AND CARY GRANT AT SANTA ANNA

Cary Grant is British-born, Bristol being his "home-town." He was last seen in London in *Go West, Young Man* with Mac West, and his next appearance will be in *Wedding Present*, a Paramount picture which, on present arrangements, will be released in April. Sharon Lynn was in *Enter Madame*, for the same company, with Elissa Landi and Adolphe Menjou.

She has none of Miss Marie Ney's mobility of expression and fluidity of emotion. She has one look when she is all right inside, and another when she is all wrong, and there this charming lady's acting must be said to end. Mr. Basil Rathbone elaborately misses the point by looking saturnine even at his most ingratiating. He has none of that round and childlike helplessness, as of a little boy spoilt, which Mr. Vosper assumed with such grand effect. But as a piece of sardonic acting Mr. Rathbone's performance does very well, and the whole film is a most uncomfortable one to sit through. This, it need hardly be explained, is the highest tribute one can pay to any thriller.

Another thing which gets my critical goat is the insane habit the English have of disliking a play when it is a play and liking it when it is turned into a film. (I am not sure that the wireless does not account for this. A young man told me the other day that he enormously enjoyed listening-in to boxing matches, while having no desire whatever to go to a fight.) *Craig's Wife* was a dismal failure when it was produced over here a few years ago, when, incidentally, it was a more probable piece of work than is the present film. Readers will remember how a woman is so house-proud that she sacrifices everything, including husband and friends, to her love for her chairs and tables. She is the type of woman who would never under any circumstances have children. But in the case of the film Mrs. Craig is not house-proud; she is palace-proud, and, as the friend who was with me acutely remarked, there would be some sense in sticking to a palace like that, as against so dull a husband as Mr. John Boles makes of Craig. You know the kind of place—Cumberland-like vestibules lead through Grosvenor-like corridors to Dorchester-like saloons. The point of the piece was much more brought home when, in the stage play, the house seemed about the size of those maisonnettes, those miniature halls, towers, and castles which are Putney's crowning glory. Miss Rosalind Russell's present performance is so good that it suggests I have never before seen her when she was not wildly miscast. She has always been seen as an intensely genteel young Englishwoman loving an American hero rather against her own convictions and principles. In *Craig's Wife* she has to cling to a wainscot and not a waistcoat, and she does it with immeasurably greater success. Nevertheless, the best performance in this film seems to me to be that of Miss Dorothy Wilson as Mrs. Craig's niece. This is a born actress. I put my finger on her now and declare that she is marked for stardom. And she is, thank Heaven, not a "lovely"! Of the two films I have seen this week this is perhaps the less good. There is never anything to be done about your sadist epileptic. But there are two ways of dealing with a Craig's wife. One needs no more than a small cane. The other is to tie her up for three hours a day with her head in the wash-house boiler and her feet in the mangle.



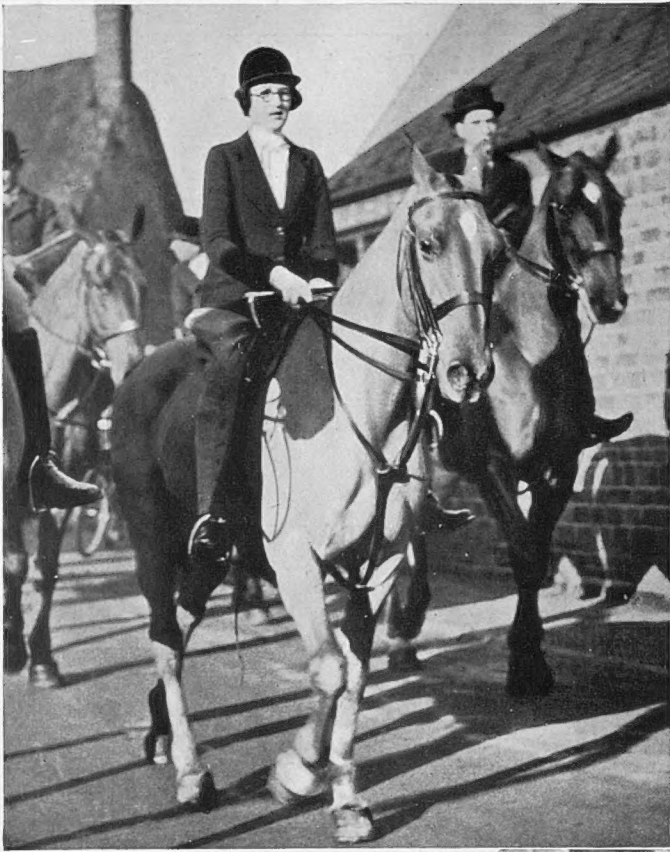
## THE BERGNER IN "DREAMING LIPS"

Elisabethan face value

London is in luck just now. Besides being able to witness Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the performances of her life in Sir James Barrie's "The Boy David," it will have the benefit of her latest film activities on February 2, when the world première of "Dreaming Lips" takes place at the London Pavilion. The English version of "Träumende Mund"—in which this great German actress was seen at the Academy some few years ago—has been directed by Elisabeth Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, for Trafalgar Film Corporation. The première is in aid of the North London Slum Clearance Scheme, and the occasion is bound to be a memorable one, for H.M. Queen Mary has graciously promised to be present.

Photographs by Tunbridge





LADY CAROLINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL  
OUT WITH THE HEYTHROP

A snapshot taken the day the Heythrop met at Deddington. Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill is the second of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's daughters and has imbibed the family love of foxhunting. The Duke is well known in Leicestershire, and her Grace is the sister of Lady Hillingdon, wife of the Grafton Master

#### From the Warwickshire

The day hounds met at the Kennels the going was very heavy, and two fast gallops through the Vale and across the Edgehills seemed a searching test for all but the fittest, this probably accounting for a very heavy casualty list.

Two horses dropped dead and one visitor fractured his skull over the brook, though, if there could be compensating circumstances in such a misfortune it would be to wake up and find the fairest lady in the Hunt rendering first aid in such timely and efficient manner—single-handed, too.

Adèle broke her wrist, John Holbech his nose, and Jack Champion did the vanishing trick into a quarry, but bobbed up again ten minutes later quite unhurt.

Peggy got the most horrible fall and it was lucky Philip was there and no lack of other willing helpers. Three of the first to reach her were of the minority who still wear skirts, so swathed in habits and red coats she was laid on a gate and carried through Hornton Village to a car, and to universal relief was reported to have come to herself after eight hours' unconsciousness with no broken bones or serious damage.

Every day this past week has been a good day and carried a scent. There was a pleasant excursion into the Heythrop country on Tuesday via Chastleton and Addlestrop, when hounds met at Wolford Wood, and a lot of splashing and grief on Thursday at that most offensive brook near Warwick Park. Three only negotiated it with honour—George being followed by Tony and Rosemary.

This was a great galloping day, though there were many absentees owing to the prevailing epidemic. George, indeed, looked like nothing on earth, but stuck it out bravely.

## From the Shires and Provinces

#### From the Grafton

A good hunt was recorded on Wednesday from Whittlebury, much better than usual on a woodland day. The meet on Friday at Weston was a big one; a grand day of sunshine and good cheer and hospitality was enjoyed at Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwells'. We were some of us suffering from a "hang-over" after the marvellous party the night before given by Mr. and Mrs. Beale. There was a collection for Lord Haig's Fund before moving off. An unfortunate event occurred on the way to the first draw, Lady de Trafford's daughter having her leg badly hurt by a kick from a horse. We are all glad to learn that no bone was broken as was at first feared. There were two brace of foxes at Allithorne and plenty of us started on the line of the wrong one with not a hound in sight! However, the mistake was quickly remedied, but the fun was short-lived, Reynard going to ground by the railway. At Stuchbury a stout fox gave our followers a famous hunt of forty minutes. Trying various earths in vain, he was eventually bowled over in the open just outside Culworth. There were many dirty backs.

Monday at Maidford saw a cracking good day's sport, but with far worse casualties than usual. Geoffrey came down on the road, breaking an ankle, and Dick crashed at the first fence, sustaining a broken leg, which puts him out of the saddle for the rest of the season. Later on, during the second hunt, Basil dislocated his shoulder (always a painful proceeding), but they managed to put it back. There were many other falls, but nothing serious. Sincere sympathy to all the poor casualties.



AT A MEET OF SIR JOCELYN  
LUCAS' SEALYHAMS

The Master having a chat with Mr. Staveley-Hill and Major and Mrs. Fergus Forbes, at the recent tryst of this energetic little pack at Aldenham House Club, Elstree, Hertfordshire. They are probably the only pack of their kind in the world and show their patrons any amount of fun to "music"

#### From the Heythrop

On Monday the 4th we met at Heythrop Village. It was a very poor morning with a series of blank draws and a fox was not forthcoming until West Wood was reached: the name of this wood is one of life's little mysteries, as geographically it is situated due east of most of the Heythrop Park coverts. From here there was a good, if somewhat circuitous, hunt of two hours, finishing up finally at Hawk Hill, which has been very much on the map of late. Amongst those with dirty backs were the gentleman from Ramsden, who was, and we believe is, very closely connected with the soil; the lady from Swell, whose horse fell on the flat; and the lady from Stow-on-the-Wold, who got a peck from a bullfinch.

Friday at Moreton-in-Marsh was a hard day but not a very brilliant one. There were several strangers

out, including one sartorial example of a black swallow-tail coat with a white waistcoat edged with black. We were at a loss to know if this was merely inspired by mourning writing-paper or if it was an advertisement for a well-known brand of whisky. Another visitor in a grey collar flopped into the depths of the River Evenlode; this stream has recently been the scene of considerable excavations, and opposite Crawthorns many interesting relics have been retrieved including buttons, spurs, stirrups and the return-half of a bathing ticket.

#### From the York and Ainsty

Thursday (7th) was unfortunate for both packs. The Southerners met at Raskelf and had a blank day for the first time for many years. It is feared that foxes have been

(Continued on p. xii)

# AT WILLEY PARK: THE

# WHEATLAND HUNT BALL



LORD FORESTER, OWNER OF WILLEY PARK, AND HIS COUSIN, MRS. R. P. DE S. CHURCHWARD



MAJOR W. E. GATACRE, M.F.H. (S. SHROPSHIRE), AND MRS. DAVID HULTON-HARROP



MR. DAVID HULTON-HARROP, M.F.H., SITS OUT WITH HIS HOSTESS, LADY FORESTER



CAPTAIN LLOYD AND LADY BOYNE



THE HON. JOHN HAMILTON-RUSSELL, LORD BOYNE'S SON, AND LADY DIANA LEGGE



MAJOR DOUGLAS AND LADY HELENA BERESFORD-ASH

The Wheatland Hunt Ball had Lord and Lady Forster's house as its agreeable setting. The Willey Park house-party included the hosts' cousin, the former Miss Claire Whitaker; her husband, Mr. Churchward, was a member of the expedition organised to search the Amazon regions for the lost explorer, Colonel Fawcett, the mystery of whose disappearance has never been solved. The Master of the Wheatland, Miss Frances Pitt, escaped our photographer, but Major W. E. Gatacre, Master of a neighbouring pack, features on this page. Mr. David Hulton-Harrop hunts his own hounds, in the South Shropshire hill country and Hope Valley. Lady Diana Legge is Lord and Lady Dartmouth's eldest daughter, and Lady Helena Beresford-Ash was Lady Helena Rous before her marriage. Major Rowland Hunt had the Wheatland, 1888-98 and 1921-24. Major-General Thorpe is G.O.C. the 53rd (Welsh) Division T.A.

ON RIGHT: MRS. ROWLAND HUNT, MAJOR ROWLAND HUNT AND MAJOR-GEN. AND MRS. GERVASE THORPE



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## The Tragedy of Nijinsky.

**A**MONG the lovely visual moments of life two stand out unforgettably. They belong to the earlier and, so far, unapproached glory of the Russian Ballet as Diaghilev first introduced his company to London: Karsavina and Nijinsky in *Le Spectre de la Rose*, and Nijinsky alone in *l'Après Midi d'un Faune*. And now, remembering his miraculous grace and acting power, it was with infinite sadness I closed a book which has just been published: "The Diary of Nijinsky" (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.). For it is a diary of incipient insanity. As the outside cover of the book tells us, "the first document of its kind ever published, for in it a very great artist suffering from 'split personality' describes what a human being experiences in becoming insane." In the beginning, perhaps, we are shocked and revolted, until we learn the tragic purport of the diary's significance. "The world was made by God. Man was made by God. It is impossible for man to understand God, but God understands God. Man is part of God, and therefore sometimes understands God. I am both God and man. I am good and not a beast. I am flesh, but I do come from flesh. God made flesh. I am God. I am God. I am God. . . ." But presently, relentlessly, the knowledge is driven home that this is the desperate cry of a man who is going insane—not dangerously so; only developing a child-like spiritual relationship with the world of beauty and spirit which is "lunacy" in this material world of solid facts, reason, logic, conventional moral and mental behaviour. And between this disturbing mixture of eroticism and "religiosity" there are embarrassing memories of past deeds which haunt the writer's imagination—revolting it; yet still fascinating him as by evil not yet devoid of its spell.

We follow the strange logic of increasing insanity, understanding it, yet realising its terrible effect on those who loved the victim and wished to help him. Until eventually the outside world wins and, like a bewildered lamb led to the slaughter, Nijinsky meekly enters the asylum where he still remains. The book is one of the saddest I have ever read; sad, yet intensely interesting from the psychological point of view and from the points of view of the pathologist. Moreover, it serves a double purpose. From the proceeds, and from the practical good-will of those who may remember the "miracle" of Nijinsky's art, the artist himself may be allowed to live in peace for the rest of his tragic life and be afforded the treatment so necessary to his case. Contributions to the Nijinsky Foundation may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Philip Morrell, 10, Gower Street, London, W.C.1; and surely every lover of this artist, to whom the ballet of to-day owes almost everything, will respond to the appeal. In the meanwhile, here is a book which is as absorbingly interesting as it is distressing.

## Sea Life as it Should Be.

**I** know not if "Shallow Brown" (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.), by Stephen Hockaby, is a reflection of life at sea, but this I do know—it is the kind of story which those who cross the Channel without being seasick, and feel that Nelson himself has nothing up on them, like to imagine life at sea must be. Mr. Hockaby's yarn moves so quickly that there is no time for any of the characters to feel in need of blotting-paper on their stomachs (a wonderful preventative, I have been told). The plot may sprawl rather badly, but it sprawls to exciting advantage from chapter to chapter. The hero, Tom Mansey, has stepped right out of a rollicking



Angelo

## TO BECOME A ROYAL HIGHNESS IN THE NEAR FUTURE? MADAME HORTHY

According to a report from Budapest, the Regent of Hungary, Admiral Nicolas Horthy, whose decorative wife appears here, is shortly to assume the title of H.R.H. Prince Nicolas. It is rumoured that a law to this effect is about to be passed, and that all political parties—save the Social Democrats, who form but a small minority—have agreed to it. Hungary will then apply to the League of Nations for a revision of the Treaty of Trianon, claiming the return of all territories in which there is a predominant Magyar population. The holding of referendums in districts where the population is mixed will also be demanded



FRANCES DAY AND BEVERLEY NICHOLS

At Covent Garden for the revival of "Salome," which might be described as the *clou* of this winter's very successful opera season. Miss Frances Day has been fully occupied with films of late, but London hopes to see her soon in a new revue. A successor to "There's No Place Like Home" from Mr. Beverley Nichols' pen would also be a welcome spring happening

sea-shanty. He is big and strong, a swimmer and a boxer; but happily so ready with his fists on occasion that the story starts, so to speak, on the first well-merited black eye. It loses him his job on a Thames dredger, but who cares, when, almost immediately, he has a far more exciting time on a sea-going collier?

However, what Tom likes most of all is a change of scene. At Madeira he quits the ship without leave to go ashore and is left behind. Nothing daunted, he swims out to a wind-jammer and secretes himself on board as a stowaway. More thrills follow immediately. The bullying mate is thrown overboard, so when Tom reaches London he does a quick getaway and joins the mysterious boat *Mary Meadows*. It would not be a yarn of the sea without a mutiny, and so the crew of the *Mary Meadows* mutiny; the skipper and a stowaway, who turns out to be Tom's sister, Violet, are cast adrift at Las Palmas; the part-owner, who is after hidden treasure, having been imprisoned. Immediately follows a whole series of exciting adventures, plots, counterplots, trickery, murder, and eventually Tom ends up by being the finder of the hidden treasure. Then a return home, and off he goes to sea again—let us hope to reappear once more in another book. It is all vivid, slapdash, forceful and quick-moving to a degree. The characterisation,

(Continued on page 104)



### BEAUTIFUL HUMAN PIPES IN THE WHITE ORGAN SET IN THE "CAIN AND MABEL" FILM

This scene in the new Warner Brothers picture which London has had the opportunity to see at the New Gallery Cinema is one of the most fantastic and at the same time beautiful ideas any producer has ever conceived. There are about 400 lovely ladies concerned in this organ scene and, as will be observed, not a single pipe is a whit prettier than the next one. The story is all about Clark Gable as an unsuccessful prize-fighter, and Marion Davies as an equally unsuccessful revue star. They fall in love and they fall out of it; they are deadly enemies, and then a publicity genius steps in, decides that "glamour" is what they need, and stages a love-affair between them which, starting as a purely advertising stunt, ends in marriage and tremendous box-office receipts for both of them. Clark Gable makes his film début in boxing shorts, which some of his "fans" seem to think almost improper

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

with one exception, is sketchy, but the few lines of portraiture employed by the author do present someone to us who is alive and fighting. "Shallow Brown" may only be a yarn, but it is decidedly a readable one.

## From Sea-Shanty to Society.

From Mr. Hockaby's exciting story of symbolical deep-sea swearing, it was strange to come to the surface again and to find oneself in the society atmosphere of Lady Muriel Beckwith's volume of reminiscences, "When I Remember" (Nicholson and Watson; 15s.). But I am bound to confess, so far as the effect of strange unreality goes, there did not seem to me to be much to choose between them. For Lady Muriel's book deals for the most part with a Victorian and Edwardian world which nowadays seems more remote than the landing of the Romans in England. As a daughter of the seventh Duke of Richmond and Gordon, however, she knows what she is writing about, and the way she describes the world of Goodwood, Belgrave Square, and Gordon Castle makes you regret the passing of that world almost as pathetically as she does herself. In spite of its unconscious limitations in duties, conventions, mental outlook, interests and amusements, it was a very pleasant world for those who lived in it.

Really, however, her book describes two eras: the one which she knew herself in the last years of Queen Victoria and in Edwardian times, and an earlier one which she has been able to draw upon from old family records and in conversation with older relatives. The whole book has no deliberate design. It just meanders about here and there, but never dully, never without a certain interest. It may describe a world which nowadays is a "dead" world, but it shows you how gracious it was for those who lived it graciously. Moreover, in many of its aspects, how very much happier that life was than that which is, perhaps, the wider, albeit more hectic, life of to-day. Lady Muriel, however, has adapted herself to the social changes which life has undergone. True, it was rather a shock when, as a V.A.D. during the war, she first heard herself addressed as "Beckwith," but a sense of humour and a real interest in life and people have carried her through the new social adjustments with unfailing cheerfulness. There are anecdotes of the present Royal Family; at least one of Queen Victoria during those strange Highland journeys which she used to undertake from time to time; cooking recipes from the Goodwood kitchen; stories of house-parties, fishing expeditions, dances; descriptions of the London Season in Edwardian times—the whole a most readable hotch-potch of reminiscences about a pre-war world which even those who lived through it can now scarcely believe that it was they who took part in it, so far away and so peaceful does it appear in retrospect.

## Education for the Blind.

At the present moment there is raging in certain newspapers that recurrent controversy concerning the lack of religion in this modern world. A pity, it always seems to me, that those who moan over the lack of religious observance in modern life always confuse church-going with Christianity, or the lack of it. For myself, after a life of some experience, I always divide instinctively religious people into two categories: the purely church-going Christian, and the Christian who perhaps rarely goes inside a church, but who, nevertheless, makes his Christianity a living thing outside it. Of this latter type of Christian, the world has never been so rich as in these modern days. True religion is probably more widespread nowadays than it has ever been

before, though it is exemplified by deeds rather than words. Which, one has an instinctive conviction, is what Christ would have wished. Deeds are always so much more difficult than words.

Take, for instance, a book I have just been reading, "The Education of the Blind": Being the Report of the Joint Committee of the College of Teachers of the Blind and the National Institute of the Blind (Arnold; 7s. 6d.). It was for me far more inspiring than a thousand-and-one sermons. For it represents practical Christianity, and if Christianity be not practical it degenerates into a mere formula of prayers and obeisance—or very often it does so. Here, however, is an aspect of the Christian life upon which men and women can, so to speak, build; not seeking simply to save themselves, but to help others—the only form of religion which, I have an idea, the future will sanction as evidence of the Divine in mankind. Even though you may not be a teacher of the blind, nor have any personal interest in the blind world as a whole, the Report will inspire you, if only because it shows how the care and education of sightless persons, especially blind children, is being faced; the steps which are being taken—steps born of experience—to fit those handicapped by loss of sight to take their place, as far as is possible, among those with normal vision. It is a difficult problem, as this Report shows, but it is being slowly overcome—the entirely different economic and social status of the blind person to-day and blind persons fifty years ago being proof sufficient of the value of the work.

Naturally, the field of their economic freedom is limited. But it includes a musical career and, among more commercial occupations, mat-making, rug-making, basket-making, type-writing and shorthand, telephony, massage, boot-repairing, even gardening; and, for the exceptionally gifted pupil, many of the professional careers. One of the great difficulties, however, in the education of the blind is to turn them from being outside ordinary social contact into being one with the social life of the community. People have often pointed out the remarkable independence of the blinded soldier, without recognising that the case of those who have once been able to see is on a totally different plane from those who have been blind from birth. It is for those who have to deal with this aspect of blindness that this Report will be invaluable. The whole system of educational explanation must be altered under such circumstances.

Here the sense of touch must supersede in importance the dependence upon mere verbal explanation. But, indeed, the Report touches upon almost every aspect of the problem of the blind in a way which is at once practical and easily helpful. It is extremely interesting, even though you may yourself have no actual dealing with blind persons. And it is inspiring, if only because it reveals the enormous amount which is being done to turn blindness into a handicap and away from being an affliction, and to render the lives of those who cannot see easier and more hopeful; filling them with the happiness of endeavour and of independence; making them more worth while to the blind themselves and to the world at large, which formerly had been somewhat embarrassed by their presence.

To read such a Report as this is to realise that Christianity is something wider and deeper than anything confined merely to a sect. It is universal and it increases with the years—for sympathy, helpfulness and understanding are its recognisable attributes—the loveliest attributes which any form of worship can present to God.



DORIS KEANE—THE FAMOUS HEROINE OF "ROMANCE"

A picture taken at Southampton, where the famous American actress boarded the "Aquitania" to go back to New York. "Romance," in which Doris Keane made such a name for herself, is to be turned into an opera, and it might quite easily lend itself to treatment in that particular medium.

## THE VINDICATION OF THE FIFTH ARMY



BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. B. R. SANDYS,  
MAJOR-GENERAL GEOFFREY WHITE AND  
MRS. SANDYS



LADY MAXSE, GENERAL SIR HUBERT GOUGH (THE  
GUEST OF HONOUR) AND COL. G. W. BRAZIER-CREAGH



LUCY, COUNTESS OF ERROLL, AND COLONEL  
SIR COLIN MACRAE OF FEORLINN



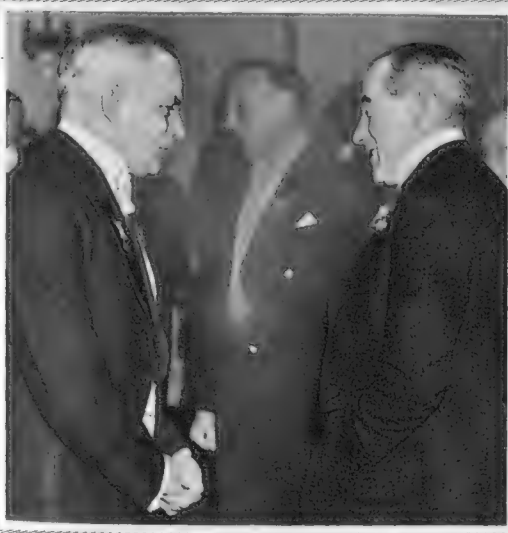
MAJOR-GEN. SIR RICHARD LEE (CHAIRMAN  
OF THE DINNER) AND LADY GOUGH



LADY GOUGH AND MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN  
KENNEDY (LATE G.O.C., 1st DIV.)



MISS MAXSE AND BRIG.-GEN. D'ARCY  
LEGARD



MAJOR-GEN. SIR HEReward WAKE AND LORD  
JUSTICE GREENE (LATE G.S.O.3, 5th ARMY)

The "Vindication" Banquet to General Sir Hubert Gough was held at the Piccadilly Hotel, and was attended by many an old comrade-in-arms of the gallant Fifth Army, which took on and stopped a force sixty divisions strong with only fourteen weak divisions available. General Sir Ivor Maxse, who commanded the 18th Corps in the Fifth Army, was to have presided, but was prevented by illness, and his speech was read by Lady Maxse. In his speech the General reiterated that which everyone knew, excepting those who got into a panic and wanted a "body," namely, that "The Batman's Battle," as that great delaying action was called, not only stopped Germany's crack thrusting General, Von Hutier, from winning in 1918, but made Germany's eventual loss of the war a certainty. And for this the man who stopped them and his army came in for odium. The suggestion made by Sir Ivor Maxse that it is not too late to repair a grave injustice, by creating General Sir Hubert Gough a Field-Marshal, is acclaimed by the whole Empire



MAJOR-GEN. SIR NEIL MALCOLM AND  
MAJOR-GEN. JOHN KENNEDY

# CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

**I**T was a matter of no great surprise to see John Beck win the President's

competition, actually inserted a number of chip shots and putts from off the green.

Cyril Tolley, whose letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, on the question of the modern ball and slow golfers, had made him the centre of a splendid off-season controversy, was in tremendous form, both socially and on the links. As a maker of golf shots, I do not believe he has his equal among the amateurs of to-day, but at Rye he seemed to have temporarily lost his ability to string them together. He won through the first four rounds, but it seemed all the time that a man who was prepared to take the opportunities he was offered might always beat him. Eric Martin Smith, thoroughly out of practice when he arrived at Rye, made a gallant attempt on the Saturday afternoon and took the great man to the nineteenth, but Beck attacked him resolutely, with no thought but of victory in his heart, and beat him by 4 and 3 in the semi-final.

The late Mr. J. F. Abercromby always used to say that he wished the New Course at Addington to be regarded as his permanent memorial. I cannot believe that Sir Guy Campbell could do better than to make his own declaration in favour of the new fourteenth hole at Rye. On a course that abounds in holes full of character and tradition, he has made one that outshines them all. As to the rest of Rye, I have to record with some sadness that it seems gradually but surely to be losing its old appeal. First it was the motor-cars that drove it to enfeeble itself within its narrow strip between the marshes and the shore. Then came the rows of houses on the other side of the fence. Now



INTO BATTLE: A. A. DUNCAN AND BERNARD DARWIN AT RYE

The 1937 entry for the President's Putter of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society was one of the largest ever known. Bernard Darwin, whose brilliant record includes the winning of this coveted trophy in 1924, went out in the first round to A. A. Duncan. The latter reached the fourth round, where he was beaten 1 up by D. H. R. Martin, runner-up to J. B. Beck

Putter at Rye—indeed, one fell to wondering why he had not done so before. Beck is what might now be termed an old-fashioned type of player, but his golf is as sound as a bell. He carries only ten clubs, in an unpretentious sort of bag, all of them fitted with hickory shafts. He has a three-quarter swing with no suspicion of frills or kinks, and his whole game is the essence of simplicity. His playing record is excellent: he featured in the Walker Cup match in 1928 and has represented England on numerous occasions; he has won the St. George's Vase and the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, and plays in the top pair with Lionel Burdon-Sanderson for the Old Carthusians every year at Deal. A week-end golfer, he shines but little in the public eye, and thus unfortunately escaped the attention of the Walker Cup selectors last year, though his straightforward type of play might well have won a point at Pine Valley. He has done five holes in one and says in the *Golfer's Handbook* that his favourite shot is the spoon—a statement that he will have no reason to reconsider, since it was a spoon shot to the nineteenth green that virtually won him the tournament last week.

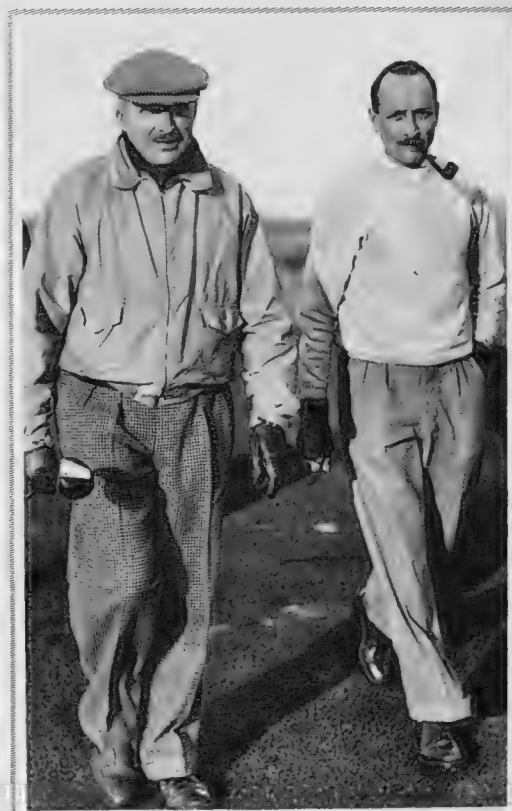
The real strength of Beck's game lies, I think, in the soundness of his putting. His skill on the greens is liable to escape the attention that it deserves, on account of the simplicity of his method and the fact that he spends so little time in prospecting the line to the hole. When a man has lain on his stomach at either end of a putt, the effect upon the beholder, if he holes it, is substantially greater than if he just walks up and knocks it in. Personally, I found the greens at Rye extraordinarily difficult this year. They were fast and close-cropped on the surface, but wet enough underneath to retain the impression of everybody's footprints. Beck, however, seemed to master them with ease, and in addition to holing out consistently throughout the



J. B. BECK, WINNER OF THE PRESIDENT'S PUTTER

And a worthy winner, too. J. B. Beck had no easy passage to the final, for he had to deal en route with E. F. Storey, who took him to the twenty-first hole, and C. J. H. Tolley, not to mention lesser lights. The final itself went to the nineteenth before D. H. R. Martin was beaten in a sterling and thoroughly exhilarating match

it is the giant bombers that drone with unceasing monotony overhead. We may be glad of them one day, but that does not prevent their mar- r- ring the rustic simplicity of Rye.



ALSO AT RYE: R. C. G. MIDDLETON AND G. E. V. CRUTCHLEY

First-round opponents in the President's Putter meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. G. E. V. Crutchley, of Harrow and Oxford cricket fame, lost by 2 and 1 to R. C. G. Middleton, who was subsequently laid out by C. de G. Watermeyer

## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## BEACONSFIELD GOLF COURSE—BY "MEL"

Beaconsfield is a Park course and a very pretty one at that. It is interesting and never dull, and while it will not frighten the "rabbit," it is a good test for the "tiger." There are some 600 members all told, who not only have this excellent course upon which to play, but a magnificent club-house where their needs are catered for very well by A. Coxall, the steward, who is the eldest of three brothers who are also stewards, one at the Berkshire G.C. and the other at Swinley. E. W. Kenyon, who came from the West Lancashire G.C., succeeded Percy Alliss as Professional, and has made a big reputation for himself by his coaching ability. In Lt.-Col. R. C. Weddell the club has a very popular Secretary who is a host in himself, likewise a scratch man. The Beaconsfield G.C. it will, therefore, be gathered, is an excellent spot in every kind of way

UP AND  
DOWN  
OUR  
COUNTRY-  
SIDE

## FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE HOUSE OF FITZGERALD

A group taken at Buckland House, Faringdon, where Amelia Lady FitzGerald lives. The names are (back row): Mr. John FitzGerald, Lord George Wellesley, Sir John FitzGerald, Captain Arthur FitzGerald and Mr. Robin Grant. (Seated) Lady George Wellesley, Lady Mildred FitzGerald, Lady FitzGerald, Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald, Mrs. Robin Grant, and Louise Grant. (In front) Mr. Richard Wellesley, Miss Mary Wellesley and Anthony Grant, and Miss Finola FitzGerald and Mr. George FitzGerald

(ON RIGHT):  
MRS. JOCELYN ABEL-  
SMITH AND HER SON,  
BILLY, WITH THE  
BELVOIR AT ORSTON



## AT THE WATERFORD HUNT BALL MEET

Pool, Waterford

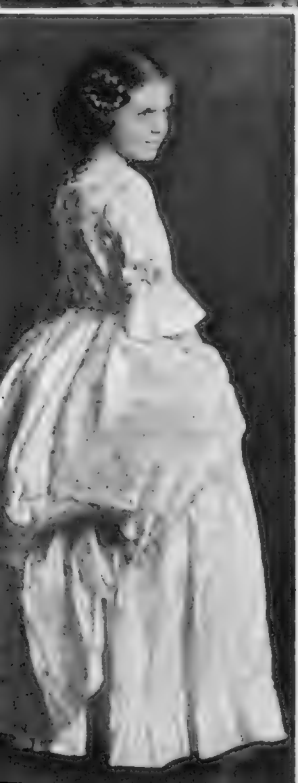
A group taken at Lady Susan Dawnay's home, Whitfield Court. The names are (front row, l. to r.): Major H. J. Jones; the Marchioness of Waterford; Mrs. R. Russell, wife of the Joint-Master; Lady Patricia Miller, a former Joint-Master of the Waterford (wearing no hat); and Mrs. Hudson. Others in the group are Miss Diana Keane; Mr. B. Nolan; Mr. Michael Dawnay (with pipe); Mr. Flanagan; Mr. Desmond Gethin; Lord William Beresford (behind Lady Waterford) and Mr. R. Russell, the Joint-Masters; Mr. and Mrs. T. H. E. Gallwey; Miss Gethin; Miss Garraway; Mr. Percy Gethin; and Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Richardson



Howard Barrett

WITH THE SOUTH NOTTS AT OXTON HALL: MAJOR DARWIN, MRS. GREEN, MISS BRIDGIT JACKSON, MISS ELIZABETH NALL AND LADY NALL; (IN FRONT) MISS GREEN. OXTON IS THE SEAT OF CAPTAIN H. G. SHERBROOKE, R.N.

The quick key to the interesting group of four generations of the FitzGerald family at the top of this page is that Lady George Wellesley, who is the wife of the Duke of Wellington's youngest brother, is the daughter of the late Sir Maurice FitzGerald, twentieth Knight of Kerry, who was succeeded by his son, Sir John, who married a sister of Lord Dunmore, the former Lady Mildred Follett, née Murray. Amelia Lady FitzGerald is Sir Maurice FitzGerald's widow. Mrs. Robin Grant is a daughter of the late Lord Richard Wellesley, brother of Lord George. Mr. Arthur FitzGerald is a brother of Sir John, the present Baronet. The Waterford group is one taken on the morning after the night of the Hunt Ball. Lady Susan Dawnay is a great-aunt of the present Marquess. Major Darwin, who is in the South Notts group, is a direct descendant of the famous author of "The Origin of Species," Charles Darwin, and Lady Nall, who is in the same picture, is the wife of Sir Joseph Nall, Member for the Hulme Division



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

# **THE MARQUISE DE CASTELLANE AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS, RAYMONDE, PAULINE AND ELIZABETH**

London's Diplomatic Circle includes many particularly agreeable feminine personalities just now. One of them is the Marquise de Castellane, whose husband so ably fills the post of Second Secretary at the French Embassy. Possessing great intelligence and that flair for clothes which is the birthright of a Parisienne, the Marquise is also very domesticated, and her three little girls are being admirably brought up. In the small photographs, fifteen-year-old Raymonde (right) and Pauline, who is thirteen, are seen in period fancy dresses they wore at a recent party. Elizabeth, aged eight, is the baby of this attractive family. The Marquis and Marquise de Castellane have been in England for some two-and-a-half years and have made plenty of friends over here

## SPORTERS IN SWITZERLAND: MAINLY AT ST. MORITZ



MADAME DE AGUIRRE



THE MARQUIS AND MARQUISE DE SAN SAUVEUR



LADY MOIRA FORBES



LADY KENNET AND HER SON AT VILLARS

MR. HARRY HAYS MORGAN  
AND HIS MANY BADGES

THE HON. JACQUELINE VEREKER

With the exception of Lady Kennet and her younger son, all the people seen here have been patronising St. Moritz this season. Lady Kennet and the Hon. Wayland Hilton Young were photographed on the terrace of the Palace Hotel at Villars. Lord Kennet had been out there, too, but recently returned to London. Lady Kennet needs no introduction as a very eminent sculptor. Her elder son, Peter Scott, has also made a name for himself in the art world with his bird studies. St. Moritz reports Madame Aguirre, American by birth and Argentine by marriage, as one of its prettiest visitors. The camera met her at the Corviglia Club, where the Marquis de San Sauveur and his attractive wife, *née* Citroën, were lunching the same day. Lady Moira Forbes and her brother, Viscount Forbes, are popular new arrivals; they brought out another welcome visitor in Miss Diana Clarke. No one in Switzerland has a finer array of badges than that expert Cresta rider and good mountaineer, Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, not long ago re-elected President of the Cresta. The Hon. Jacqueline Vereker, Major-General Lord Gort's only daughter, has been skating with spirit on the Suvretta House rink, wearing a dark blue skirt and dark blue gloves with her scarlet sweater

# GALA NIGHTS AT MÜRREN



CAPTAIN "BABE" BARNATO AND HIS  
WIFE EXPRESS THE GALA SPIRIT



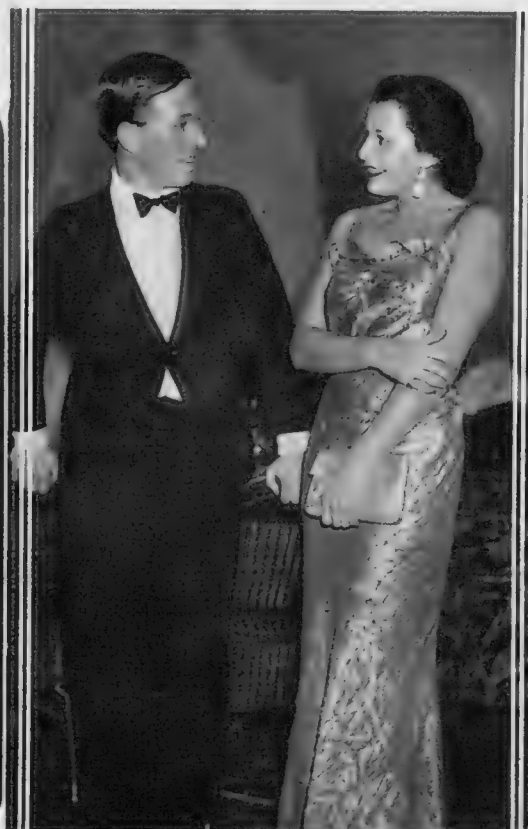
BEER IS BEST! THE HON. DAVID WILSON  
AND MISS MARY CUSINS



LADY (ERNEST) RAEBURN AND MR. PATRICK  
TELFER-SMOLLETT HAD RUSSIAN IDEAS



MR. IRVINE AICHISON AND HIS WIFE,  
WHO PRACTISES AS DR. RENDALL



MR. PHILIP LUCKING AND MISS PHILIPPA  
FITZALAN-HOWARD



LADY MABEL LUNN, UNCROWNED QUEEN  
OF MÜRREN, AND LT. PASLEY-TYLER, R.N.

Fancy-dress nights happen as often as not at the Palace Hotel, Mürren. The "Babe" Barnatos enter into the spirit of the thing whole-heartedly, and on this particular occasion he went very obese in a baffling beard, while she wore a correct "rumba" outfit. The Hon. David Wilson, seen putting paid to a thirst in company with the late Colonel Cusins' daughter, was in Italy before joining his mother, Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme, at Mürren. He has been training with the Cambridge ski team at Breuil. Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme is to be seen daily on the ice at St. Moritz, and her less expert friends envy the ease with which she executes the most tricky of skating figures. She is also no mean performer at one of Scotland's oldest sports: to whit, curling. Lady Raeburn has her daughter, Miss Patricia Raeburn, with her, and Lady Mabel Lunn's party gets bigger and bigger. Her husband, Mr. Arnold Lunn, joined her not long ago after a triumphantly successful lecture tour in America. Lady Mabel, without whom Mürren would not be Mürren, is Lord Iddesleigh's sister. Mr. Patrick Telfer-Smollett is a Scot, and "Younger of Bonhill." Miss Philippa Fitzalan-Howard is a niece of Lord Howard of Glossop

# PANTOMIMES à la CARTE

*Dames, Doggerels and  
Donald Ducks.*



THERE is no popular Song of Songs in this year's crop of pantomimes. Nor is there any universal catchword, no "can't do that there 'ere" (instead, there is much ado about "Knock! Knock!"), and about Little Audrey's talent for laffing). A third absentee from West End pantomime is the whitewash with which the Dames are wont to splash the broker's men and the broker's men to bespatter the Dames. The nearest thing to this copious whitewash is the gallon of shaving-soap which the Buttons (Lupino Lane) in the Coliseum's *Cinderella* splurges over the Baron (Wallace Lupino) while valeting him for the ball. For the rest, this *Cinderella* is a genteel but lavish affair, notable for resplendent scenery; heroic work by Lupino Lane in making humorous bricks with slight straw, and dropping them all over the place; his chorus-song about ducks, with good waddling by a Disney Donald; the burlesque dancing of Chuck O'Neil and the crazy swinging of Ben Dova; a battalion of piping, well-drilled children; a highly comic horse whose names are not on the programme; some rabbits in a leafy wood, all but stealing a scene between Principal Boy and Girl; Madge Elliott's Prince, shapely and vigorous; and the least eager *Cinderella* I can remember. Miss Edna Best sings and (of course) enunciates nicely, but whether in rags or diamonds, she condescends to *Cinderella*. She doesn't seem to want to go to the ball, nor to stay when she gets there. When she smiles, once in a rare while, it is the smile that will come off. *Cinderella* in her fairy coach should be

the bright centre - light dominating the lesser ones that illumine the powdered Shetlands and footmen. Here she appears to have fused.

Lyceum pantomimes, following their theatre's hearty tradition, are always rich in slapstick and hullabaloo. They are doggerel-rhymed, in the manner of old-time pantomime; thus the King, in the present *Puss in Boots*, discussing some dead rabbits with Dame Tickle, whom he has hired as cook—

“ Take them to the kitchen and woe betide  
the hag who  
Fails to turn out a tasty hash or ragoût.”

This *Puss in Boots* is particularly notable for its abundance of comedians (in one scene, there are ten on the stage at one time) and comic animals (cat, cow, puppies, donkey, and horses in every size, shape and degree of entanglement). Clarkson Rose does the hero's greatly skirted mother with a solemnity that brings as much laughter as would come from cavortings and grimaces; and he has a deft device for making his audience yell—if not his own chorus-tune, then any other that appeals more. Eddie Gray is as vigorous in juggling as in low comedy. The O'Gormans are great at smashing crockery. If Polly Ward surpasses in sweetness Eve Benson (who substituted for her as Princess Charming on the night I attended), she must be the Principal Girl of the Year.

The Dame of the Year is without question George Lacy in *Mother Goose*, at the Hippodrome. His verve is tremendous, his agility is phenomenal, his keen sense of the eccentric is altogether devastating. He tumbles over the skirts of damedom with grand awkwardness; and after the magic pool in a beauty parlour has changed him into something remotely resembling a youngish beauty, his burlesque of a ballet-dance would seem brilliantly cruel if Anton Dolin and Alice Markova did not prove in the same pantomime that ballet-dancing at somewhere near its best was proof against ridicule. Agility and oddity are ably represented, also, by Max Wall, not to mention the cows that do a peculiar quadrille for a Mickey Mouse's party. Florence Desmond points swagger with satire; Mamie Soutter wins encores with a bedtime story in American, Lancashire and Baby-talk; Chili Bouchier is at any rate pretty and pleasant. The Golden Goose by George Queen is charmingly coy, and in the end rings the bell of authentic pathos. The story is simple, the show well mounted, the humour hilarious.

A. B.



# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER,—Last night the *répétition générale* of Henry Bernstein's new play, *Le Voyage*, took place at the Gymnase Theatre before the sort of audience that the French gossip-writers describe as "*le Tout Paris*"! The red carpet was down, and the striped awning up, over the broad stretch of pavement that leads from the kerb to the doors of the theatre. I always rather hate running the gauntlet of the critical eyes of the crowd, but I was lucky yesterday in arriving just behind Lady Mendl, whose glinting, silver-mauve hair, ankle-length fox cape, and altogether dainty little silhouette caught and held the excited attention of the onlookers.

*Le Voyage* is another instance of Henry Bernstein's "infinite variety." With every new play he seems to rise, phoenix-wise, from the ashes of the last—with the all-important difference that none of his plays have ever been reduced to ashes. Even now such pre-war plays as *l'Assaut*, *Samson*, *Le Voleur*, to name but a few, are revived on the stage or adapted for the screen with the same success as at the time of their creation. He is the dramatist who never grows stale and who shows the same complete understanding of the young people of the present generation as he does of his contemporaries. If I disagree with him on one point, it is in thinking that the early-thirties of to-day have less time than he would have us believe for silken dalliance; neither do I believe that they take their love-affairs so seriously as the quartet of *Le Voyage*. And yet, as I write, there are certain little ghosts that stir in my memory: a young and lovely actress who shot herself in her manager's office; a little dancing girl of seventeen who was found dead in a gas-filled room; a beautiful débutante who walked into the Seine one foggy November evening. . . . All three preferred death to life without the one person who made—or so they imagined—their existence possible. I must admit, therefore, that such tragic youngsters exist, and even if they are the minority of the golden, care-free boys and girls who people the play-haunts of Paris, they are none the less real, and Bernstein is their prophet.

*Le Voyage* begins as lightly and gaily as every love-affair should do. Beautiful and attractive Nicole Lambessier (Valentine Tessier) is married to an odious individual who has long since ceased to care for her. She is in love with Max Rudin (Claude Dauphin), a young artist with whom she is about to take a short "honeymoon" voyage to Corsica while her husband is away with his mistress at Deauville. But at the last moment Nicole realises that her husband is playing a cat-and-mouse game with her and that it would be unwise to leave Paris. Nevertheless, she remains in Max's flat, where the two lovers make-believe that the studio is an hotel and the view of Paris that they see from their window—a wonderful drop-scene painted by Dunoyer de Segonzac—is that of the Bay of Ajaccio. Max is a charming, boyish optimist in the early thirties, and it follows, therefore, that his best friend, Serrurier (John Wall), is his exact opposite. A pessimistic, self-centred cynic and yet, apparently, quite lovable, since he is adored by Caroline Ketlen (Lucy Leger), with whom he has just broken off his engagement on learning from her own lips of a certain love-affair in her past.



ANNABELLA, WHO PLAYS MARGUERITE IN THE "UNDER THE RED ROBE" FILM

"Annabella," who in private life is Madame Jean Murat, has just returned from her honeymoon, which was spent in India. She is cast for Marguerite to Conrad Veidt's Gil de Berault and Raymond Massey's Richelieu in this film which is in process of being made at the Denham Studios by Robert T. Kane for New World Pictures



Studio Pias, Paris

## THE FAMOUS SCHWARTZ SISTERS

The Schwartz sisters—Lili and Emy—have such a tremendous success whenever they appear in Paris. They are at the A.B.C. Theatre of Varieties during this month, and after this engagement they are opening a night-club in Paris which will be known as "Chez Lili et Emy"

sends Max a letter, written by Serrurier to Nicole, that leaves no possible doubt as to what Nicole and Serrurier have been to each other.

Excursions and alarms! Max is through with Nicole, and the world is sunless for a sentimental young man who is learning for the first time what jealousy of a loved one's past can mean. Serrurier, on the other hand, understands, from Nicole's attitude towards him, the unimportance of an old love-affair in a woman's heart, and declares his intention of making it up with Caro if she will have him. Too late, alas, for the tragic news arrives that Caro has killed herself. He is broken-hearted, and Max, realising that the only irreparable thing that can come between two lovers is the parting brought about by death, clings to Nicole as a shipwrecked traveller might cling to the very rock on which his ship has come to grief. I am sorry that this brief *résumé* cannot more adequately convey the intense interest of this brilliantly-written, perfectly staged and perfectly acted play that Bernstein has just given us.

PRISCILLA.

## SHOTS ON THE FILM FRONT



Tunbridge

TO PLAY OPPOSITE PAUL ROBESON: PRINCESS KOUKA



ANNA

LEE



JEAN DIXON AND CAROLE LOMBARD IN "SWING HIGH, SWING LOW"



GLADYS SWARTHOUT IN "CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"

Princess Kouka is a Soudanese, and hitherto she has never left Africa nor worn other than the traditional garb of her district. Walter Rutter has brought her from her home to play opposite to Paul Robeson in Capitol's "Jericho," now in production. Anna Lee is the beautiful star of Gaumont-British's military film, "O.H.M.S.," which opens to-day at the Tivoli. She plays the part of a Serjeant-Major's Daughter, and public opinion of sergeants-major is going up by leaps and bounds. Carole Lombard is seen here in a scene from Paramount's "Swing High, Swing Low," another new film still in production. "Champagne Waltz" is a tale of the struggles of Franz Strauss's Waltz Palace in Vienna against the competition of a new Jazz Palace next door, and the loves and conflicts of Buzzy Bellew, a drum and saxophone expert, and Elsa Strauss, the beautiful singer of waltzes. These parts are played by Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout, and the course of true love is impeded by business rivalry, misunderstandings and chewing-gum until the final happy denouement in New York. This film is to be exhibited simultaneously all over the world. It marks the Silver Jubilee of Paramount's existence, and is thus an important milestone in the history of the cinema. It will open in London, at the Plaza, on January 22

## THE KILDARE HUNT TAKE THE FLOOR



SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON AND  
MISS BIDDY HOPE-JOHNSTONE



A GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN KILDARE PEOPLE

L. to r., standing: Captain Frankie Boylan, Miss Patricia Kennedy, Mr. Peter Burrell (son of Sir Merrik Burrell), Capt. Denis Daly, late 8th Hussars, and Capt. the Baron de Robeck. Sitting, l. to r.: Miss Ethel Jameson (daughter of Mr. Harry Jameson), Mrs. Denis Daly, another lady, Miss Grania Kennedy and Mr. J. Kennedy (brother of the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley)



MISS VIVIEN DAUTESEY AND  
MR. VICTOR McCALMONT



Photos: Poole, Waterford

CAPTAIN E. L. FANSHAW  
AND MISS JANE GILL



MRS. DAVID PLUNKET AND  
MR. PRICHARD-JONES



(LEFT) LADY MILTON  
AND MR. M. J. O'H.  
MACARDLE

The Kildare Ball was held at Bishops Court, kindly lent by Mrs. Edward Kennedy, widow of the man who introduced Roi Herode, sire of The Tetrarch, to Ireland's Emerald soil. Major Dermot McCalmont, M.F.H. (Kilkenny), owned the Spotted Wonder, and his only son is seen sitting out with Miss Dautesey, a visitor from the Blackmore Vale. Well-knowns from all the adjacent places were in abundance. Miss Biddy Hope-Johnstone, who is seen with Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, is the daughter of a famous former Master of the Westmeath, Mr. E. W. Hope-Johnstone. Mr. Macardle, who is dancing with Lady Milton, is Ireland's crack G.R., and Miss Iris Ainsworth, who is dancing with Mr. Teddy Lambton, is a daughter of another former Kildare Master, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, who, however, had them for only one season

(RIGHT) MISS IRIS  
AINSWORTH AND MR.  
TEDDY LAMBTON





**"THE FRINGE OF LIGHT"**

**A BEAUTIFUL EFFECT ON THE RIFFEL SEE**

This exquisite little lake, which has furnished Mr. John Erith, F.R.P.S., with this artistic picture, lies in the cup of the surrounding hills just below the Riffel Alp, two or three miles from Zermatt, in Switzerland. The lake is actually only two or three hundred yards long and little more than a pool. The shimmering curve of light is produced by the setting sun shining on the weed, and this effect is only seen on rare occasions when the position of the sun and weather conditions are favourable. The elevation is 9,000 feet and the lake is passed on the climb to the Gornergrat from Zermatt.



### THE BLEAK DAYS OF WINTER: HIGHLAND CATTLE

To many a wanderer of the countryside, with hounds, with gun or just with the quiet moral support of an ashplant, must have come the reflection that to be a bullock in winter must be a "dog's life"! The short grass is damp and clammy, the cut kale flung out from the farm-drain is limp and coarse. The cattle-camp by the gateway is hock-deep in noisome mud and the pond is uninviting. But to these little exiles from the Western Highlands such conditions are easy. Maybe they miss the freer range of the moors, but the diet of an English farm is more satisfying than wiry bent-grass dug with neat hoofs from beneath the mountain snows. They are attractive cattle, these Highlanders, lively little miniatures. But to such of the feminine gender as class all horned stock as "Cows—Very Dangerous," they are a source of terror. Beneath a wide sweep of



Photo. : Horace W. Nicholls

## LAND CATTLE ON A SOUTHRON FARM

horn and shaggy forelock, staring china-like eyes peer forth with something of the sentiments "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" and "Ye may sit on the Rose or the Shamrock, but I defy ye to sit on the Thistle!" Moreover, the discomfiture of the four and twenty tailors was due to the threatening attitude of the snail who "put out her horns like a little Kyloe (which means West Highland) cow." In point of fact, these beasts are as quiet as any of the bovine race, and nothing like so treacherous as, for instance, a Jersey bull! For all their hardiness, they are not seen much on English farms, since, though their beef is beyond rival, they mature slowly. Perhaps it is as well, since they look out of place on the grass of the Shires; their rightful setting is beside some windswept loch, with the purple of heather at their feet and the vast blueness of the mountains towering above them

## LET US PLAY

Nursery studies of Lady Mary  
Dunn and her young daughters



LADY MARY DUNN WITH SERENA AND NELL



## SERENA DOES NURSE

These agreeable photographs of Mr. Philip Dunn's wife and daughters were taken at their Regent's Park home, 7, St. Andrew's Place. Here the nursery is very much the hub of the household. Serena Mary, the elder of its two cheerful young occupants, will be three in April. Baby sister Nell Mary was born last spring



## GONE TO GROUND

Nursery games for Nell are still restricted to creepy-crawly ones, she having not yet found her feet, but Serena is ready for anything, and encourages her Welsh Corgi Suzy (see right) to play, too. It is now getting on for four years since Lord Rosslyn's delightful younger daughter married Sir James Dunn's onlyson. That she is a devoted mother to her little girls is easy to see



Photographs: Swatche

PICTURES FROM

OVER THE SEAS



MR. AND MRS. ANGIER DUKE AFTER  
THEIR WEDDING IN NEW YORK



THE BARONESS VON MOLTKE AT NASSAU,  
THE BAHAMAS



MAJOR AND MRS. ERIC LODER  
AT PALM BEACH, FLA.



LADY PALMER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
NICOSIA, CYPRUS



ALSO IN CYPRUS: MR. JOHN MONTGOMERY  
AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. H. LLOYD-CARSON



IN NEW YORK: MRS. LUCY LILLY  
AND SIR ROBERT PERL

From the other side of the Atlantic to the Eastern Mediterranean, whence the pictures from Cyprus came, is a wideish water-jump to take in your stride—but that good steed, the camera, has cleared it with yards to spare. As to a few details, Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke had just been married at St. Mary's, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., when they were caught. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. St. George and a grand-daughter of the late Mr. George F. Baker, who was "the last of the Titans" on Wall Street. The Baroness Von Moltke, whose husband's family has made a good deal of German military history, is seen in the garden of Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor's home on Hogg Island, Nassau. Mrs. Eric Loder, who is seen out shopping at Palm Beach with her husband, is a charming American. The Cyprus pictures were taken at Government House, Nicosia. Lady Palmer is the wife of H.E. the Governor, Sir Richmond Palmer, and of the staff in the other picture, Mr. John Montgomery is an additional Private Secretary, and Captain Lloyd-Carson is an A.D.C. Beatrice Lilly's mother and son, Sir Robert Perl, had just arrived in New York City to visit Beatrice Lilly when the picture was taken.



AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS ON A RECENT OCCASION

Some of those who heard the Japanese prima donna, Madame Michiko Tanaka. They are, from left to right: Lord Bridport, Captain Graham, Mr. Homan, Lady Bridport, Miss Cynthia Henry (in somebody else's spectacles!), Mrs. Homan and Mr. Burney

THIS little punitive force which has been, and presumably still is, teaching the Wild Men of the N.W.F. better manners, was said to be only 3000 strong all told, so the authorities must know that there is not much to do. It is to be hoped that it will not turn out that it is a bit more than a two-men-and-a-boy job. You never can tell in that very inflammable part of the world. A single burning leaf can set fire to a whole forest, and I suggest that experience has shown that it is cheaper in the long run to have more fire engines than you think you may need rather than not enough. We have been caught napping a good many times before and it has a bad moral effect, quite apart from any material damage. It is a tiresome job at the best.

As far back as February of last year a gangster home on leave from a spot called Razmak in them parts reported that the whole frontier was what is called "unsettled," which means that someone somewhere was spoiling for a fight and was due for immediate accommodation. The whole place is rather like a big pot of Devil's Broth, always kind of simmering and apt to boil over if not watched. Sometimes the smash-and-grab business gets a bit too thick—murder and looting, rifles for choice—and then it has to be tackled quite seriously. There was a thing called the Mahsud Blockade not long after South Africa, on which, if my memory is right, about a whole division was kept busy. They just drew a line along that Waziristan side and intimated that traffic was held up, and that anyone trying to bullock through the red light would get it in the neck. Very little, if anything, was said about what went on, but a good many things happened, nevertheless. There was enough stuff for a dozen Hollywood scenarios, and nothing that any "perdoocer" could conjure up in his imagination would have been very exaggerated—that is, if he was out for pure gore and gunman stuff. The stark details, of course, would not have got past the Censor, but they were there to be gathered, all the same. It seems a pity that all the real pictures cannot be painted even in these modern times, when nothing shocks anyone. I am assured that the Playboys are not as scared of 'planes as one might think. They hate the guns, however, especially

## Pictures in the Fire



MRS. R. A. FARQUHAR AND THE HON. ARTHUR HOPE WITH THE QUORN AT KEYHAM

Mrs. Farquhar is the former Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, her late husband having been Lord Daresbury's son. Mr. Reginald Farquhar is a brother of Sir Peter Farquhar, Joint-Master of the Whaddon. Captain the Hon. Arthur Hope is Lord Rankeillour's eldest son

when they switch over to shrapnel burst nice and low. The H.E. stuff they do not mind so much. It knocks their towers and things endways—but it is the shrapnel which is poison to them.



AT THE SOMERBY MEET OF THE COTTESMORE: LORD STAVORDALE AND THE HON. MRS. ROLAND CUBITT

Two of the dismounted detachment at a recent Cottesmore fixture. Lord Stavordale is Lord Ilchester's elder son, and the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt is a daughter of the Hon. George Keppel. Her husband is Lord Ashcombe's eldest son, and her brother-in-law, the Hon. Guy Cubitt, is Master of the Crawley and Horsham



A PYTCHLEY OCCASION: THE MASTER'S PARTY FOR THE HUNT BALL

Captain R. Macdonald-Buchanan, Joint-Master (with Colonel J. G. Lowther), of the Pytchley, gave a dinner at Guilsborough Hall for the Hunt Ball. In the above group are:

Seated, left to right: the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, Miss Norah Macdonald, Col. P. Bowden Smith, Miss Sheila Morrison-Bell. Standing: Capt. Breitmeyer, Capt. Garland Emmet, Mr. Michael Borwick and Mr. Peter Paget

By "SABRETACHE"



Swabe

## ANOTHER QUORN PICTURE

The day these hounds met at Lord and Lady Belper's house, Kingston Hall. The Hon. Lavinia Strutt, Lord Belper's daughter, who marries the Duke of Norfolk on the 27th, and Major P. Cantrell-Hubbersty, the Quorn secretary, are seen passing the time of day. Major Cantrell-Hubbersty goes a bit harder than the next man, and is about the best in all Leicestershire

Rifle-stealing is behind a good deal of this sort of thing, and the thieves are not only the most competent but the most impudent operators in the wide, wide world. Their efforts are not confined to



Holloway

## A PYCHLEY DINNER

At the dinner given by Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan at Guilsborough before the Pynchley Hunt Ball, another picture of which is on the opposite page. In the group are, the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Wyndham, Gen. the Hon. Sir George Stanley, and Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan



Poole, Dublin

## THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY ROSSE'S SON, LORD OXMANTOWN

A group taken at Birr Castle after the christening of the son and heir at St. Brendan's Church, Birr; the Bishop of Killaloe, who is in the back row of the group, officiated. Lady Rosse is a daughter of Colonel Leonard Messel, and a sister of Mr. Oliver and Mr. Linley Messel. The names in the group are:

Standing, l. to r.: Viscount de Vesci (partly hidden), the Hon. Geoffrey Parsons, Mr. Linley Messel, the Hon. Desmond Parsons, the Rt. Rev. H. E. Patton, D.D. (Bishop of Killaloe), and the Earl of Rosse. Sitting: Mrs. Linley Messel, Miss Susan Armstrong-Jones, Viscountess de Vesci with her grandson Lord Oxmantown, Anthony Armstrong-Jones, and the Countess of Rosse

the places on and close up to the frontier, where, of course, everyone is more or less standing-to all the time, but they penetrate much farther south—Lucknow, Calcutta, and, I believe, even to that hot, red-dusty place, Madras. Mostly they used to get away with it, and I expect things are not so very different in these times; possibly easier now that motor-cars are so plentiful.

In the "good old days," not so very long ago, neither, the reconnaissance work was quite often done by the people called Monkey Men, members of the dramatic profession, who toured the plains with a company made up of one female monkey, by name Jehurun, one male monkey, by name Buddhoo (the heavy lead), another male monkey, by name Mansuram (the villain), and a silly-looking goat named Bukra (a goat), who, I think, played very much the same part as Choros in the old Greek drama. They had only one plot, the story of the drunken suitor (Mansuram), who tried to abduct the lovely Jehurun and was sometimes thwarted, sometimes not, according to the class of the audience. Anyway, strolling up and down the country like this and affording innocent merriment to the groundlings gave the *entrepreneur* plenty of chances for observation, and in some cases, shortly after his visit, a raid was neatly carried out. One crack cavalry regiment, whose number even at this distance of time it might not be discreet to mention, had several stands of arms pinched—the sentries on the huts, of course, being knifed or knocked out. The Monkey Men were behind that. The raiders picked the afternoon when the Army Soccer final was being played in the Aldershot of India. Gentlemen with rugs, carpets, and things to sell—snake-charmers, jugglers, acrobats, and all that kind of person,

(Continued on page viii)



Swabe

## LORD AND LADY BROCKET, THEIR SONS, AND SOME HERTFORDSHIRE HOUNDS

A picture taken when the South Hertfordshire met at Bocket Hall, Hatfield, Lord Bocket's seat. The two small sons who are making such friends with the hounds are the Hon. Ronald and the Hon. David Nall-Cain



ROUMANIAN GRACE AND BEAUTY:  
PRINCESS IRENE BOGDAN

Princess Irene Bogdan is a Roumanian, well known in the social worlds of Bucharest and Paris. She is the wife of Prince Dimitri Bogdan. A pupil of Alexander Volinine, former leading man of the ballet of the Imperial Theatre, Moscow, she has made dancing her profession. She is in London now and may shortly be seen in a West End performance

**A** CERTAIN Nonconformist minister, who was very popular with his congregation in the little Midland town in which he lived, received an invitation to preach a Christmas sermon in a Church of England pulpit.

When he was telling a member of his own congregation afterwards, he remarked that he had had to wear a cassock.

"Well," said his friend, "that didn't matter, did it?"

"No, not exactly," replied the minister, "but it was a bitterly cold day, and you can't think how glad I was to get into my trousers again."

"In your opinion, who are the three greatest sailors in British history?" an admiral who was conducting an examination for the Navy asked one of the candidates.

The reply came pat. "I'm sorry, sir, I didn't catch your name when I entered the room, but the other two are Nelson and Drake."

The wife was busy at her desk, with bills all round her. Suddenly she looked up from her work.

"How many fish did you catch last Saturday, dear?" she asked her spouse.

"Six, darling," he replied, with reminiscent pride.

"I thought so; that's what you usually catch, isn't it? That rascal of a fishmonger has charged us for eight!"

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

**A** bridge player, of the type that regards the game as a religion, was just about to call when the club steward handed him a telegram, which he tore open and read.

"Sorry to keep you fellows waiting," he said. "My wife's just died. Three hearts."

"I say, old man," protested one of the others, "don't you think this is an occasion for a black suit?"

"Your daughter has a fine touch, Mrs. Murphy," remarked a friend, listening to Miss Murphy playing the piano.

"Yis, so they be tellin' me," replied Mrs. Murphy, "an' shure, 'tis no wonder, for she loves the pianny and niver tires of it; she has a great taste for moosic, but thin that's only natural, for her gran'father had his skull broke wid a cornet at a timperance picnic."

**A** practical joker told a Jewish friend of his that his bank was about to fail. The Jew hurriedly drew a cheque for his balance and rushed round to the bank to cash it.

"Certainly," said the clerk. "How would you like it?"

"If you've got the money, I don't want it," panted the Jew, "but if you haven't got it, I must have it."

**T**he ardent young motorist went into a strange barber's. "And how would you like your hair cut, sir?" asked the barber, as his client seated himself in the chair.

"Oh, a little off the bonnet, and some from behind the mudguards," was the reply.

**T**he teacher was interested in the announcement by a little girl that she had a new baby brother. "And what is the baby's name?" the teacher asked.

"Aaron," was the reply.

A few days later the teacher inquired after Aaron, but the little girl regarded her in perplexity.

"Aaron?" she repeated.

"Your baby brother," the teacher prompted.

Understanding dawned on the child's face.

"Oh, Aaron!" she exclaimed. "That was a mistake. It's Moses. He's very well, thank you. Pa and ma found we had an Aaron."

"You saw this lady driving towards you," said the policeman, after the collision, "why didn't you give her the road?"

"I was going to," protested the motorist, "as soon as I could discover which half she wanted."

**H**e was a very absent-minded professor, and while a happy event was taking place, he started to work to take his mind off things. He became very engrossed, and when the nurse came down later and said: "It's a boy, sir," he remarked testily:

"Well, why bother me about it? Isn't my wife at home?"



IN A CLASSIC DANCE: ANOTHER STUDY OF  
PRINCESS IRENE BOGDAN

## WAKE UP AND PLAN . . . . .

What fun! A new day ahead of her—she's ready for it. Or at least, will be after her Elizabeth Arden morning routine. For like most women past the early rose bud age, she's no great beauty at dawn or thereabouts. Far from it, but she has learned how to make the best of her good features, how to dissemble her bad ones and most of all, she has learnt the importance of personal distinction. For she's a very definite personality, wise, witty, intelligent, adult enough to know the wisdom of making life a gay and gracious picture into which she always fits with poise and taste. To-day will be a busy one. But first . . .

## SHE GOES "ELIZABETH ARDEN" . . .

Part of the fun is looking this way even while being made beautiful. She hasn't missed her weekly Arden visit, when she's in town, since the day she was presented at Court. Sometimes it includes a Vienna Youth Mask, grand for that end-of-season let-down. Always, after Cannes or the Adriatic, she has an Apres l'Ete series. When she feels the need of looking especially glamorous and cherished, she has a Velva Mask. But to-day she'll just have the regular hour's treatment which includes, heaven knows, enough to give even the most prosaic of women a romantic look. Cleansing, patting, moulding, the egg and oil mask, a touch of the Sensation Salve for youthful, dewy glow—and . . . . .

## PUTTING ON THE GLAMOUR . . .

The Arden make-up of course. And she can do it for herself now at home, having learned all the little tricks at the Arden Salon. Learned them from her particular 'assistant' to whom she always goes, who has studied her face, her type, and her temperament, her background and her taste in clothes. At Elizabeth Arden's they take all these factors into consideration, knowing, as they do that the smart woman, the one with a real "fashion sense" in manners as well as modes, is at heart an actress. Thinking of her make-up and her clothes together as expressive of her role in life. Using both as a background for . . .

## HERSELF-VERY MUCH A PERSON . . .

To-day is a serious-minded "black-velvet" day she decides, with the added piquancy of an entertaining hat. The new Arden red-Victoire—for lip rouge and nail polish, with a mere touch of the same shade just high-lighting her cheek bones and bronze-green eye shadow to tone in with the golden feathers in the hat and deepen the green of her eyes. A final matt finish of Japonica powder and a light brushing of brown cosmetique on brows and lashes. To-night it will be all different—very fragile and floating-in-Cecil-Beaton space, with the new Arden eye make-up in mauve and a silver lamé gown against the décor of Covent Garden . . . . .



# A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

trial games how can the Selectors form any opinion on what is a very important point?

It is hard enough even now for a young player to fight his way to the front. County matches, it is true, give him a chance, but only a very slender one, and the number of Selectors being so small, it cannot be said that they have sufficient opportunity to see all the men they would like, to say nothing of picking up a few promising youngsters on their own account. It should also be recollected that these trial games are of some value to the districts where they are played. Workington, for instance, is a far cry from where most of the leading players are accustomed to disport themselves, and the same



THE OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS XV. v. BART.'S

The O.M.T.s made a bad start, being two tries down in the first ten minutes, but then found their feet and "put it across" Bart's to the tune of 30 points to 9.

The Old Merchant Taylors' names are:

(Standing) H. A. C. Hordern, F. W. English, K. F. Camp, J. I. Hamilton, J. Huskisson, D. M. Douglas. Front row: D. M. Parry, H. D. Heck, T. F. Huskisson, K. M. Wilkins (captain), R. G. Turnbull, T. G. Blumson, E. H. Edmonds. On ground: N. Wyndham-Smith, F. J. W. Fadden, F. J. Martin

DEAR TATLER,

HERE is one feature of this season which makes it almost, if not quite, unique. Within a week of the match against Wales the general public had very little information, and none of the composition of the English side till the Monday. I cannot remember this having occurred before, and it certainly does seem that there has been undue delay. The explanation is probably that there were so many injuries to prominent players, but it may be pointed out that it is a mistake to wait too long for a player's recovery. It is highly improbable that a man who has just succeeded in getting sound in time for a big match will be really fit, and there is the added danger of playing a man in a key position who is liable to break down at any moment. England, at least, has good cause to recognise this fact.

This is not meant to reflect unduly on the Selectors, whose hard and ceaseless work is fully acknowledged by all who know anything about the game. It is just possible, however, that they delayed a little too long, and it is somewhat disconcerting to find them wanting practically another trial on the last Saturday before the game at Twickenham. It is very doubtful whether it is wise to alter the composition of a side to the extent we saw in the recent match between Gloucester and Leicester. The game itself must lose a certain amount of interest as far as the result is concerned, and, moreover, the people who are being introduced for trial purposes have the disadvantage of playing amongst strangers. Both sides, whilst willing and even anxious to assist the Selectors, must be conscious of having made a distinct sacrifice, and there are quite a number of folk who think that clubs should be left severely alone except where the really official trials are concerned.

Some go even further, and there has been a serious proposal during the last few weeks that trial matches should be abolished. It is difficult to understand how the unhappy Selectors are going to get through their work without them, since a serious part of their duty is to discover how players are able to adapt themselves to strange surroundings. As everyone knows, some men are able to settle down almost at once, and do not care whether they are playing at Swansea or Twickenham. Such men are hailed with joy, for the absence of nerves is a distinct asset. But without



Photos.: Crisp

THE BART.'S HOSPITAL XV. AGAINST OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS

The O.M.T. attack was too strong for Bart's, whose forwards did noble work but were unable to avert a score of three goals and five tries to three tries. The Bart's team were:

Left to right, back row: J. E. Miller, J. G. Berry, J. M. Mungavin, M. White, R. V. G. Coupland, S. T. Hayes, A. D. Evans (touch judge). Front row: R. Macpherson, K. Moynagh, P. L. Candler, J. C. Newbold (captain), E. M. Darmady, K. G. Irving, P. D. Swinstead. On ground: M. Laybourne, J. G. Evans

may be said of Falmouth or Newcastle. The Rugby Union, with their usual sound common sense, recognise their duty to distant parts of the country, and pay no heed to the jeers which frequently proceed from those who do not understand.

It should, I think, also be remembered that the present trial system is the result of many years of experiment. It is all very well to say, "Let us do away with trials," but there was a time when our trial games were quite haphazard affairs, and it is not so many years ago that there was no settled system. Certainly things have distinctly improved since the war, and the authorities do their best to lessen the handicap under which England labours through having such a wide area of clubs to consider. The suggestion that a team should be selected and given a few practices instead of trials does not seem to be worth serious consideration.

A very frequent topic of conversation this season is the rather dismal record of Blackheath, which, at the moment, shows only 6 wins against 12 losses. This is not the kind of thing which the habitués of the Rectory Field expect, and the worst of it is that the side shows no signs of pulling itself together. The back division, generally speaking, is quite sound, even though of necessity it has been changed a good deal. At its best it can challenge comparison with any club in England, though, of course, it may not possess exceptional pace. Certainly the root of the trouble is not to be found in the back division; therefore it must be looked for in front.

an  
awful  
"faux pas"  
and you flounder  
deeper  
and  
deeper ! . . .



ever noticed  
how  
a cigarette  
helps you  
to overcome  
the embarrassment  
of  
your  
unfortunate remark? . . .



after all,  
how  
were  
you  
to  
know  
it  
was  
her husband ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

## AT SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S HUNT BALL



MR. B. P. DOUGHTY-WYLIE AND HIS  
FIANCÉE, MISS DIANA DE HOGHTON



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. LLOYD, COLONEL H. E. KENYON,  
MISS P. EVANS, MRS. J. ROBERTS AND MR. J. ROBERTS



SIR JOHN AND LADY REYNOLDS

With encores in continuous demand, sitting-out intervals were reduced to a minimum at Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt Ball. This meant that the camera had to be pretty nippy about its business, but it did not miss a chance of photographing Sir John and Lady Reynolds. They live at Iscoed Park, near Whitchurch, which is an admirable centre for hunting with Sir Watkin's and the Cheshire, as well as the North Shropshire

Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt Ball, held at Oswestry, was one of the best of the many dance parties staged during the first half of January. A large number of pretty girls featured at it, among them, Sir James de Hoghton's grand-daughter, Miss Diana de Hoghton, who is to marry Mr. Doughty-Wylie, Royal Welch Fusiliers, in June, according to present arrangements. Brigadier-General John Henry Lloyd was Sheriff of Flint in 1934. He lives at Queensbridge, near Ellesmere



THE HON. MYFIDA TYRELL-KENYON AND  
CAPTAIN DESMOND COOKE

Lady Kenyon's party from Gredington Hall included her nineteen-year-old twin son and daughter, Lord Kenyon and the Hon. Myfida Tyrell-Kenyon. The fifth Baron Kenyon owns a place in Lancashire as well as his Shropshire seat. The landowner *par excellence* in those parts, however, is Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn whose Welsh acres are almost innumerable. A great character and deservedly famous sportsman, Sir Watkin has been Master of the family pack since 1885. His hounds are sometimes known as the Wynnstay, this being the name of his home near Ruabon, where they are kennelled



Photographs: Truman Howell  
MISS McLEAN AND LORD KENYON

# This England



*Near Watford, Hertfordshire*

**S**LOW are the waters of this sweet green isle, enriching the lovely lowlands as they pass to their fulfilment in the sea. The people, too, move slowly to achieve their ends, and in this slow surety make many things the richer by the way. Even in urgent matters like the brewing of good beer a greater richness comes of slow maturing—as any glass of Worthington will prove.



# A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

By  
TANJONG

THE island of Puloh Burong is not marked on the itineraries of "see-the-world" tours. It is known to skippers of the polite passenger trade as a spot to be avoided, and its only visitors are the unfortunates who have been shipwrecked at sea or in reputation. Consequently, when Mark Stenhouse stepped ashore at Burong's alleged seaport, the inhabitants speculated as to which of the two categories he belonged.

Stenhouse's personal appearance fitted neither of them; he had a tall, clean-clad figure, a lean face with a clipped moustache, and the keen eyes and manner which suggested that he knew what he wanted and wanted it at once. Without looking to right or left, he marched straight from the mouldy little wharf to the one and only hotel, where he addressed himself to the all and very sundry that sprawled around the bar. "There's a chap named Rice living here," he said. "Where can I find him?"

The answer was blank silence, broken presently by a voice which drawled: "What name did you say?"

"Rice, Stephen Rice," said Stenhouse very clearly.

The drawler sat up and shouted "Dutchy!", and a fat, bullet-headed man looked round the door and demanded: "Vat is it?"

"Know anyone here by the name of Rice, Dutchy?"

"Stephen Rice," repeated Stenhouse. "Where can I find him?"

"Ja. If you mean Steve, he's opp at his bungalow."

Stenhouse asked: "How far away is it?"

"'Bout a mile, mile an' haf; but you never find it. Hey, Bunga!" The Dutchman clapped his hands, and a Javanese popped up from behind a packing-case. "You take this *tuan* to Steve's house," he commanded.

The Javanese picked up the suitcase, and Stenhouse followed him through a twisting jungle path until they came to a bungalow set in the midst of a coconut plantation. Here his guide handed him over to a Chinese boy, who conducted him up the steps to a broad verandah, empty save for a single Kudat long chair, and shaded from the fierce afternoon sun by chick blinds. The boy halted. "Steve!" he called. "*Tuan ada.*" The long chair creaked, a pair of bare, elephantine legs came to earth, and the body belonging to them sat up. Stenhouse found himself confronted by a veritable mountain of flesh topped by a face whose features were buried in rolls of fat. That the right eye was more visible than its fellow was due to a monocle which propped the eyelids apart.

"Hallo!" said a deep and rather pleasant voice. "Where the deuce have you come from?"

"I've just landed from the *Malawali*," answered Stenhouse. "You're Rice, aren't you? Sorry if I've barged in on your afternoon nap."

"Don't worry," was the response. "Too dam' hot for a shut-eye. Sit down and have a drink." He shouted: "Hi, boy! *Bawah minum gin.* Or do you prefer whisky? Got both. Boy, *bawah krosi.*"

The boy brought a chair for Stenhouse and then trundled in a trolley loaded with bottles, glasses and a humidor of cigars. "Help yourself as you like it," said Rice. "Smoke?" He pushed across the humidor, and when Stenhouse had lit up he asked. "What can I do for you, Mr.—?"

"My name's Stenhouse," said Stenhouse. "I think you've had a letter from—from the person I represent in Banjerwangi."

For a full minute the gleaming eye behind the monocle studied Stenhouse. "What's your principal's name?" asked the fat man slowly.



She remained staring at him for some minutes; she saw the wallet in his hand and suddenly bent over him, asking fiercely: "So you put my price at only seven hundred pounds, eh, Steve?"

"Are names necessary in affairs of this sort?" said Stenhouse.

"Guarantees of identity are necessary in affairs of this sort," retorted the other. Then he added, with a fat chuckle: "You were always the cautious lad, Bunny."

Stenhouse nearly jumped from his chair. "Bunny!" he echoed. "Where the devil did you get that?"

"If my memory ain't completely pickled, you were known as Bunny when we were at Chelstead," laughed Rice. "Holker's house, wasn't it, and mine was Kane's."

"Good God!" exclaimed Stenhouse. "Who are you?"

"I used to be Rhys-Jones in those dear, dead days."

"Stodger! Not possible."

"Cold fact. I don't look much like Stodger the scrum-half now, eh? Run to tallow. You seem to have kept your soldierly figure, Bunny. Still in the Service? Oh, sorry; of course, I read about it. And now you are acting for that distinguished but unmentionable foreigner in Banjerwangi. Well, well! Is your glass empty, Bunny?"

"Thank you, I will," said Stenhouse, pouring himself a stiff drink. "What are you doing in this unsavoury quarter of the universe? When I last heard of you, you were a successful stockbroker."

"Too successful," sighed Rice. "I was complimented on my business perspicacity by one of the best judges, so, fearing to become dishonest, I quit the city and took to the land."

(Continued on page 132)



*Each of these whiskies has a*



*name of its own; only when*



*they are blended together*



*after years of maturing are*



*they called Johnnie Walker*

You are probably wondering what one of these whiskies would taste like by itself. The blender, who tastes them, in testing glasses like these, knows them all and would explain not only how one Highland district produces different whisky from another, but how two whiskies made in the same Highland glen can have entirely different characters. He would also explain how carefully he blends all these good whiskies into an even better whisky—Johnnie Walker. Therefore, don't just ask for "Whisky." Ask for Johnnie Walker by name.



*Born 1820—still going strong*

## A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT—(Contd. from p. 130)

Strange, isn't it, how one bumps into fellow-Chelsteadians in every profession and in every corner of the world?"

"Astonishing," laughed Stenhouse. "I take it that old school associations won't prevent us from discussing business? After all, my employer's sordid affairs are a thing apart."

"Naturally," agreed Rice. "What are your instructions?"

"I am instructed to offer a certain sum of money in exchange for goods, the nature of which we both know."

"And what is that sum?"

"That depends on the—er—face value of the goods, and that, again, depends on my judgment."

"Gad, Bunny," laughed Rice. "I didn't know you were a judge of such things. However, I suppose the dog must see the rabbit. Right-o." He called the Chinese boy and said, "Ask Missy to come to me."

A few minutes later a young girl came out on the verandah. She was a half-caste of surprising beauty, whose Polynesian blood was only evident in her large, dark eyes, and the slight duskiness of her skin. Stenhouse rose, and Rice heaved his bulk out of the chair. "This is my ward," he said. "Annette, this is Captain Stenhouse; he used to know your people. He's here with an invitation for you to spend a few months with one of your relatives in Sumatra. You'll like that, eh?"

"Are you going too, Steve?" asked the girl anxiously. "I don't want to go anywhere without you."

"Rubbish!" laughed Rice. "You know I can't leave here. You go, my dear, change will do you good."

The girl turned to Stenhouse. "Did you know my father?" she asked eagerly. "Tell me about him."

"You'll have plenty of time to chin-wag with Captain Stenhouse later," interrupted Rice. "You run away now; we've got business to discuss." The girl went.

"Well?" asked Rice, when they were alone.

"A beauty," said Stenhouse. "Where did she come from?"

"Her mother was from the islands, her father was a Danish skipper who drowned when he piled up his boat on the reefs here. She's been with me since she was three."

"And now you want to—dispose of her," said Stenhouse. "I wonder why?"

"*Force majeure*," sighed Rice. "Copra market's rotten. Have to part with all the family bric-à-brac. And I'm fond of the wench, woe is me! You're not drinking, Bunny. Help yourself. Well, what do you offer?"

"Five hundred pounds should meet the case," suggested Stenhouse.

"My dear Bunny," laughed Rice. "She's worth a thousand to any connoisseur, and you know it."

"I detest sordid bargaining," said Stenhouse, "but, as you say, times are hard, and I have my commission to consider. However, I am prepared to go as far as seven hundred."

"Cash on the nail?" enquired Rice.

"Certainly; I have the notes with me."

"Sold," said Rice. "We'll have a drink on it." They refilled their glasses. "Now, about getting her away. You can't take her through the port, too much *chakap-chakap* on the part of my respected neighbours. When the *Malawali* leaves port the day after to-morrow, she will pass this point; I'll signal her, and you can go aboard in a sampan. How's that?"

"Excellent," replied Stenhouse. "Now let's talk of something else; this is a dirty game, Stodger."

"It is," agreed Rice. "What would your noble cousin say if he knew you were buying live flesh and blood?"

"And that eminent cleric, your uncle, if he heard you were selling it?" retorted Stenhouse. "Hardly up to Chelstead traditions, what?"

Rice shook his head: "Not a gentleman's occupation," he said, "Damn it, Bunny, it's a filthy game. I'm half inclined to draw out. That employer of yours deserves hanging."

"He does," said Stenhouse, draining his glass and refilling it. "These foreigners have no sense of decency at all."

"None," agreed Rice. "Look here, Bunny, how much of his dirty gold have you got on you?"

"Two thousand."

"You blighter," chuckled Rice. "And you offer an old school comrade a measly seven hundred. Listen. Suppose we fine that scoundrelly employer of yours for the good of his soul? No, don't interrupt; you want a complete change; so do I. We can jump any steamer that passes here and land in Manila, where nobody knows us. We divide the two thousand fifty-fifty, and I take the responsibility of the girl. Do you agree?"

"A sound scheme, Stodger; I am always on the side of constitutional justice. I suppose we can trust each other's word?"

"A gentleman's agreement," declared Rice. "My hand on it."

"*Floreat Chelstead!*" cried Stenhouse, raising his glass.

They remained on the verandah, toasting old memories and new resolutions of virtue, until the afternoon faded into dusk and the Chinese servant came to remind them that there was a meal waiting. Rice lurched unsteadily across the verandah and shook his companion. "Dinner, Bunny," he said.

"Dinner be damned," hiccupped Stenhouse. "Bed."

"Bed, then," agreed Rice.

"Come on." He put his arm round Stenhouse and led him into the bungalow, where, with some difficulty, he steered him to a bed. "One moment," he said, going out of the room. He returned with a full glass, which he put in Stenhouse's hand. "Drink to the confusion of the common herd."

"*Floreat Chelstead!*" toasted Stenhouse. "I shall sleep like the dead."

"You will after that," said Rice to himself, as he carefully removed the fat wallet from his guest's jacket.

He returned to the long chair on the verandah and sat dozing, with the wallet in his hand, and presently opened his eyes to find the girl beside him.

"I am to go to Sumatra, Steve?" she asked quietly.

"Day after to-morrow," he answered sleepily.

She remained staring at him for some minutes; she saw the wallet in his hand, and suddenly bent over him, asking fiercely: "So you put my price at only seven hundred pounds, eh, Steve?"

He did not answer. A man does not talk much with a knife in his heart.



THE NATIVITY PAGEANT IN SOUTHWELL MINSTER: ABOVE, THE VIRGIN AND CHILD AND THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

This pageant was beautifully presented by the players from St. Helen's Gate, Burton, Lincolnshire, under the direction of Mr. Charles A. Clay, and the musical direction of the Hon. Mrs. Sandars. The cast was composed largely of society people supplemented by the workers on the estate at Gate Burton, Lincs., the home of the Hon. Mrs. G. Sandars, who, with Lady Hicking, of Brackenhurst, Southwell, was largely responsible for the presentation. No names of the cast were published in the programme, but the following are available: Miss Rosemary Sandars (the Archangel Gabriel)—Miss Sandars is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. G. Sandars, and is the Master of the Southwold Hunt; Lady Elwes (the mother of the Virgin Mary), Saint Anne; Miss Claire Elwes, her daughter (the Virgin Mary)



Photos: Howard Barrett  
THE VIRGIN MARY (MISS CLAIRE ELWES)

*Escape from winter — to the warmth and splendours of*

# EGYPT

**PRICES SPECIALLY**

**REDUCED THIS SEASON**

**THESE INCLUSIVE TOURS OFFER YOU A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY!**

## 30 DAYS FROM 56 GNS.

- 1st day London—by morning service (short sea route) and on by night train to Paris.
- 2nd day Marseilles and embark.
- 3rd to 6th day At sea.
- 7th day Alexandria—train—Cairo.
- 8th to 23rd day IN CAIRO.
- 24th day Alexandria and embark.
- 25th to 28th day At sea.
- 29th day Marseilles. On by night train.
- 30th day Paris—short sea route—London.

## 30 DAYS FROM 66 GNS.

- 1st to 7th day As 56 gn. tour.
- 8th to 11th day IN CAIRO. 2 whole days' sightseeing. On by night train.
- 12th to 15th day IN LUXOR. 2 whole days' sightseeing.
- 16th day Train to Aswan. Visit Dam and Philae.
- 17th to 20th day IN ASWAN. Leave by train.
- 21st to 23rd day IN CAIRO.
- 24th to 30th day As 56 gn. tour.

## 30 DAYS FROM 80 GNS.

- 1st to 7th day As other tours.
- 8th and 9th day IN CAIRO, with whole days' sightseeing.
- 10th to 15th day Voyage on luxurious Nile steamer to Luxor, visiting finest antiquities of Egypt en route.
- 16th and 17th day 2 days' sightseeing in and around LUXOR.
- 18th day Luxor to Aswan by steamer, with comprehensive sightseeing.
- 19th and 20th day AT ASWAN, visiting Dam. Leave by train.
- 21st to 23rd day IN CAIRO. Whole days' sightseeing.
- 24th to 30th day As other tours.

FULL INFORMATION FROM THE EGYPT TRAVEL INFORMATION BUREAU, 29 REGENT ST., LONDON, S.W.1

FULL INFORMATION AND ACTUAL BOOKINGS AT ANY OFFICE OF THOS. COOK AND SON LTD.

COX AND KINGS • DEAN AND DAWSON • FRAME'S TOURS • HICKIE BORMAN, GRANT AND CO. • PARRY LEON AND HAYHOB  
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**TRAVEL IN COMFORT BY MISC STEAMSHIPS AND MISC AIR SERVICES**

# PETROL VAPOUR By JOHN OLIVER

## Glass of Fashion.

**A**S a boy I once followed the directions of a magazine which said that, if held under water, glass could be cut with an ordinary pair of scissors. My attempt led to a basin-full of splinters and a nasty gash on the left thumb, and after that I treated glass with respect. I associated it with blood, burst tyres, burglary and broken bottles; in fact, with all the sharp, jagged things that hurt and annoy. But the wizards of the Triplex works have changed all that, and since my visit to King's Norton I have come to regard glass with no more temerity than a slab of dough. The stuff is useful, but quite inoffensive. No longer shall I cry "Ouch!", or even wince, when, at that tense moment on the film, the Nordic officer hero dashes his wine-glass to pieces on the stone floor. No; I shall merely murmur: "Evidently not Triplex," and go to sleep again. To-day, thanks to former Transport Minister Morrison, and not—as was pointed out to me during my tour—to present Transport Minister Hore-Belisha, all motor-car wind-screens must have safety glass. Safety glass, therefore, is the glass of fashion, and at King's Norton I saw how they moulded it to form. Without once setting my teeth on edge or reminding me of a Chinese torture, Graham Cunningham, chairman and managing director of the company, showed me how it is done.

I admit to being thrilled to the marrow when I first saw the vitreous virtuosi swinging wicked-looking panes of plate glass about, turning them this way and that, tipping them up, champing bits off with pliers, and generally handling them—while still in their untreated, brittle state—with the utmost irreverence. First the untreated plate glass is cut. I saw one of those awkward-shaped saloon ventilating quarter-lights, all curves and corners, being cut. The man grabbed the raw, rectangular bit, dabbed a templet on it, ran round with a diamond cutter, and ripped off the unwanted fringe with a pair of pliers. It's a miracle of manipulation. I hung about for a long time waiting to see what happened when somebody broke a piece or got his thumb caught on a sharp corner, but nobody did.

## Toughening.

**A**fter the cutting, the edges are treated on grinding wheels and then further finished. The pieces are cleaned and go to the toughening process room; a place full of pipes, heat, and gauges, yet with everything so clean

that you could eat your dinner off the floor. The glass goes in and out of the electric furnaces and is blown cool by whirling blasts of air, and, behold! it is tough. And how tough! The greatest fun of all is the part where one is shown just how tough toughened glass really is. They hammered it,

twisted it, jumped on it, dropped steel balls on it, bent it, and finally, to add insult to injury, looked at it, as it were, in the nude through a polariscope which showed the internal structure. An automatic hammer comes down with a resounding smack on every piece that goes through the works. All the toughened bits stand up to the hammering without the slightest sign of distress. Then Graham Cunningham slipped an ordinary piece of untreated plate glass in among the other pieces of toughened glass. Down came the hammer, and the untreated piece shivered into murderous-looking fragments.

After that they showed me a steel ball, not much smaller than a cricket ball, and weighing a lot. They dropped it on to a sheet of toughened

glass from five, six, seven, eight, nine feet. They dropped it from nine-and-a-half feet. It came down with a tremendous bang, but the glass stood up to it. At ten feet the toughened glass gave way; but instead of shivering it crumbled, and it was possible to take up handfuls of the resultant powder and rub them between one's palms without being cut. Altogether, my experiences at this factory convinced me that the regulation insisting on safety-glass wind-screens for all vehicles is sound. It ought to be extended to cover all windows on public service vehicles. One word must be added as to the smartness of the King's Norton works and workers. Both the men and the girls, in their clean white overalls, look as efficient as they are.

## The Hillman "Hawk."

**M**any features of the Hillman cars have interested me, and I was glad to have the chance recently of giving one of the "Hawks" a thorough trial. There is the ventilated clutch, for instance, and there are the lead-bronze bearings in the engine and the hardened inserts to the exhaust-valve seats. Before giving my impressions of the car on the road, I should perhaps remind you that the "Hawk" has the same engine as the Hillman "80," but that the "80" has a longer wheel-base and is meant for bigger bodies, and is therefore lower geared. The engine is of 3181-c.c. capacity and is taxed at £15 15s. It has side valves.

(Continued on page 3)



THE LLANGIBBY HUNT BALL: CAPTAIN W. R. BAILEY'S PARTY

Captain Bailey is Joint-Master, the Llangibby, and carries the horn. His party for the Hunt Ball are seen in the group above; they are:

Seated: Mr. Maurice Turnbull, Mrs. J. Bell, Mr. R. Cadman, Mrs. W. R. Bailey, Captain P. Traill (former Joint-Master, the Gaothland), Mr. Cliff Maddocks, Mrs. R. Cadman and Mrs. M. Kernick. In rear: Capt. W. R. Bailey, M.F.H., Mrs. d'Ambrunnil, Capt. Hickson-Lewis, Mr. Hugh Griffith, Mrs. John Roxburgh, Capt. G. Buchanan Bailey, D.F.C., Mrs. M. Henderson, Miss Sheila Gibbs, Mr. Roy Paton, Mr. W. R. Henderson, Captain and Mrs. Selwyn Martyn, Mr. George Kernick, Mr. Charles Hallinan, Capt. W. H. J. Powell, Mrs. C. Hallinan and Mrs. Roy Paton



Dennis Moss

## AT THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) HUNT BALL: THE MASTER AND LADY BATHURST

This Vale of White Horse pack is technically described as the V.W.H. (Cirencester), but continuously since 1886 they have been known as "Lord Bathurst's." Major T. Bouch joined in the Mastership from 1933-35, and Lord Knutsford is now in that position, but the present holder of the title (its first association with the pack was in 1847) has held office since 1892, and he has built up a real honest hunting pack of hounds second to none

# Vive le Sport

THE LIFE of the sportsman is varied. It takes him from the Albany to Ardnamurchan,

from Lothbury to Sunningdale, and with his Wolseley Sportsman's Saloon he's "down in one"—one car for all occasions. There have been "sportman's coupés" before now, but never a car with *four doors* that's as dashing as anything on the road and puts away more people (and a great deal more tackle) than its lithe lines would suggest. Sprung for speed, this car holds the road like a golf ball on a wet green, and is specially tuned for maximum performance.

Horse Power rating 25. Develops over 100.  
Price £425. Lavish equipment including extra low pressure Dunlops, Triplex glass and Jackall hydraulic jacks. Cared for by Wolseley "Owner-Contact."

**WOLSELEY**  
*Sportsman's Saloon*



# AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

## Airports and Air.

**I**N the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth; or, in other words, the air and the aerodrome. Ever since, man has been trying to reverse the order and to begin with the aeroplane and air line and only to think about the aerodrome afterwards. Putting the air line before the airport is like putting the cart before the horse, the censorship before the cinema, and the blah before the broadcast; all of them habitual disorders of the age. The consequence is that we are in danger of creating an elaborate fabric of fast air lines without providing them with proper foundations. They are, in every sense, in the air. Let us for a change consider putting the horse in the right position relative to the cart and planning our airports first and then causing them to extrude their air lines. Now is the time to do so, for the annual conference of the Aerodrome Owners' Association opens to-day. Maybe we shall have the Maybury Committee's Report—maybe. But whether we have that Report or not is really beside the point, which is to realise that airports are the foundations and not the coping-stones of commercial aviation; and that air lines will prosper according to the soundness of the airports' organisation.

The committee may have discovered this, and by the time these notes appear it may have said so. But the function of committees is similar to that of the human reason: to justify actions we have already decided to take. Whether the Maybury Committee recommends it or no, both the Air Ministry and the airport



—MEANWHILE HIS WIFE DOES A SPOT OF CURLING

Curling is a game of very considerable skill developed from bowls (or bowls from it!) by the Highlanders, who presumably took to the ice since nowhere else would there be any place flat enough to play on in the Highlands. Lady Cobham is an expert with a "stane," and is seen fully armed on the Villars rink



AT VILLARS: SIR ALAN COBHAM GOES TO THE SKI-ING SLOPES—

Sir Alan Cobham, the airman, is spending a holiday at Villars with his wife and his two sons. Ski-ing, when the snow is good and the slope steep and unencumbered, is as near flight without an aeroplane as most of us are likely to get for some time

owners in the London area have decided that the Air Ministry must take over airport control. Airports have proved to be less paying things than was expected and the only known buyer of non-commercial commodities is the Government, and the only way the Government can justify such purchases is to get a committee to say



AT LORD BANDON'S RECENT "PROMOTION" PARTY

Lord Bandon gave this recent party at his house, Shawbury, Shropshire, to celebrate his promotion from Flight-Lieutenant, R.A.F., to Squadron Leader. Lord and Lady Bandon are in the forefront of the picture, and amongst others included in the group are Squadron Leader Leech, M.C., Squadron Leader Toharon, Flt.-Lt. and Mrs. Chambers, who was Miss Rachel Coghill, and was married quite recently, Flt.-Lt. and Mrs. Thompson, Flt.-Lt. and Mrs. Seaville, Flt.-Lt. Maxwell and Flt.-Lt. Davies

that they are national necessities. So we may be sure that the London airports will soon be taken over by the Government, and then we may hope to get a broader and more solid foundation for the commercial air lines which work from them.

## A Framework.

**B**ut we shall not be able to make the fullest use of commercial air lines until the airports are not only Government-controlled but also rationally organised. Croydon has become a mess, a piece of ground surrounded by people who complain about the noise of aeroplanes. Heston has been—in a strictly limited sense—"saved" for aviation. Gatwick is growing and will therefore eventually want "saving," too. Hanworth is not a commercial airport; nor is Hendon, but they have suffered the same encircling fate at the hands of the builders. Builders are no respecters of airports. Five pounds down (no road charges) are worth more to them than the greatest system of air lines in the world. Nor can I see the Government competing with the builders without a considerable struggle. Profit-making is a much harder thing to fight than political uniforms, kings and commoners.

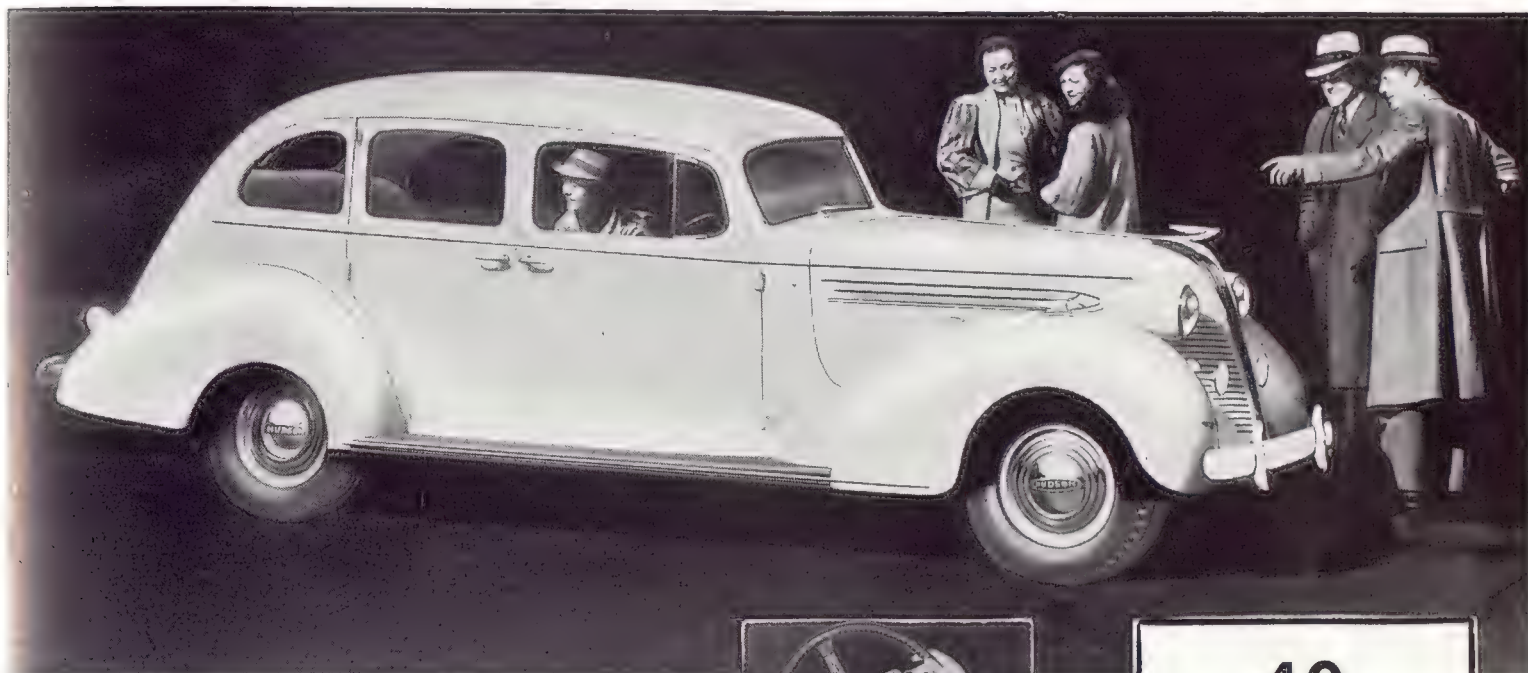
Actually, what is wanted is a group of about five London airports—four in open country and one in Central London. The open country airports would be used by the long-distance lines and would be in the open country simply and solely because large peripheral areas would be acquired as part of the airports. They could be used as open spaces by the public under certain conditions, so they would not be a charge coming entirely on aviation. These airports would be well out from London but would all be connected with the City by express motor-roads. The Central London airport would be of the roof type and would be primarily for the short-distance lines where the time taken in terminal communications is a greater part of the whole. That is the plan. It is not impossible. It is merely difficult.

(Continued on page x)

The Air Force Artists Association are holding their third Exhibition at the Building Centre Galleries, 158, New Bond Street, W.1. The Exhibition is being opened by Sir Philip Sassoon on January 25 and will remain open until February 8.

# Announcing the Completely New HUDSON

"You can pay much more . . . but you won't get a better car."



Hudson Eight Club Saloon

## THREE BIG STEPS AHEAD

### ● A big step ahead in driving and riding comfort!

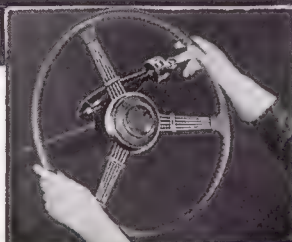
Hudson's new Selective Automatic Change makes these "the cars that almost drive themselves." And the lower centre of gravity means maximum steadiness at any speed!

### ● A big step ahead in style and room!

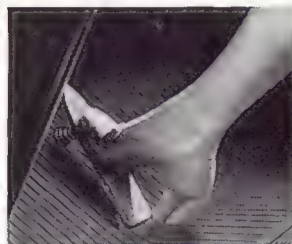
Now—lower, more graceful bodies without any of the usual compromise in **room, comfort or usefulness** inside!

### ● A big step ahead in performance!

Hudson engines to-day develop greater horsepower than ever before without increase in engine size, and petrol consumption has been reduced!



A flick of a finger



A touch of a toe

**TO CHANGE!  
TO STOP! TO GO!**  
with Hudson's Selective  
Automatic Change  
(standard on all Hudson models)

# 40

## OFFICIAL RECORDS BROKEN

by Terraplane and Hudson stock cars on Utah's famous salt flats where Sir Malcolm Campbell made history with his "Bluebird." A terrific test of **endurance** and **performance**... proving these qualities BEFORE public announcement of the cars!

**HUDSON MOTORS LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, W.4 (CHISWICK 4777)**

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TERRAPLANE SIXES - from £285 ★ DE LUXE TERRAPLANE SIXES - from £335 ★ HUDSON SIXES - from £375 ★ HUDSON EIGHTS - from £395

# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M E Brooke



Picture by Blake

WOMEN all the world over associate the name of Bradley's, Chepstow Place, with all that is best in the domain of "classic" tailored suits; therefore they will be pleased to hear that until the 20th February they are building these at special prices—namely, from 9½ guineas. Of course, they are Spring models. The tailored ensembles on this page are likewise available at special prices and represent the acme of smartness; they are perfectly designed and cut. The coat of the suit on the right has been inspired by a man's "tails" and is carried out in men's black suiting, while the skirt is of black and grey trousering. Made to order at "between seasons" price the cost is twelve guineas. The model on the left is 16½ guineas and consists of three-quarter length coat and skirt carried out in navy and white broken-striped hopsack; the blouse that completes this scheme is 3½ guineas (made to order) in ivory satin beauté



## "I'm a chin less, thanks to you, Jane Seymour!"

It happened quite by accident. She came to my Salon to show me how much my Orange Skin Food had improved her dry skin.

"And I do love your Petal Cream and Dryskin Powder for make-up," she added. "They keep one's skin so smooth and supple, and so beautifully matt all day. Now if I could only get rid of this double chin of mine . . . but that's asking the impossible. . . ."

"That's what so many people think until they try my Reducing Cream," I said, smiling. "They can't believe that a cream can remove superfluous flesh."

"I'm afraid I can't, either!" she said.

"Don't try," I said. "Just take a pot home with you tonight and start using it. It's quite simple. Pat the Cream in briskly under your chin, and in the

morning cleanse with Astringent Lotion. It won't be long before you see results!"

"Well, I suppose there's no harm in trying," she said, doubtfully. But about six weeks later she was back—with no doubts at all!

"I've come to apologise," she said. "I thought you were making the most exaggerated claims for your Reducing Cream, and felt I was silly to try it. But thank goodness I did. Look! It's simply melted away my double chin, and left my throat so firm and smooth."

I'll just add that you can get my Reducing Cream at any shop that sells my preparations, and do ask for my book "Speaking Frankly" or get it direct from me at my Salon, Jane Seymour Ltd., 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712.



Trade Mark

# Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



E. &amp; F. T.

## WHAT FASHION HAS IN STORE FOR THE SPRING

"FASHIONS must never submerge the personality," declares Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street. She bears these words in mind when creating her "little" frocks and suits, which ever meet with success, no matter where they are worn. She is already thinking in terms of the Grand National and other spring race meetings. There is a wealth of originality and individuality in the suits portrayed; the model on the left

consists of an apple green dress and brown coat lined to match the dress. The fabricating mediums are wool with a difference; the scarf is worthy of attention, as the colours of the suit are repeated in it. On the right may be seen a tweed coat and skirt in which green predominates, and it is this shade that is present in the bright emerald casaque which completes the scheme. It will be noticed that fur is used for decorative purposes on both suits



# What Vani-Tred means to me

*By a Lady of Permanent Youth*



"I've never had to worry about shoes since I discovered VANI-TRED in New York. The styles attracted me first of all, but the fitting was the revelation. They just ignored my old shoes and selected out of quite sixty fittings the one I am wearing now. I'm now a size six triple A as ever was. Now and forever. Of course that's not all the VANI-TRED story—they've got quite a thrilling feature\* which gives you what they call a natural treadbase, and I suppose that's a lot to do with the amazing comfort. I get my VANI-TRED shoes in London now, British Made if you please, with just the same smart American styling—but I'm still a six triple A."

\*With almost all medium and high-heeled shoes an "air-pocket" is present behind the ball of the foot, which causes 70% of the body weight to be concentrated on a very short area.

In a VANI-TRED shoe there is an exclusive built-in feature which eliminates this empty space, providing proper distribution of weight by giving a full-length tread area. This ensures greater stabilization and less strain on metatarsal bones and ligaments.

The specialized VANI-TRED Fitting Service is available at high class shoe shops. Upon request we will send you an illustrated brochure and the name of your nearest agent.

JOHN MARLOW & SONS LTD.  
(Dept. 12),  
Phoenix Works,  
NORTHAMPTON.



Fitting Fashion Shoes  
FIVE FITTINGS TO EACH HALF SIZE



Gwene

An instep gusset shoe in black suede. The patent saddle makes this noticeably elegant. Also in brown suede. With suede covered heel 2 1/2" high . . . . 35/9



Aubrey

A smart four-hole tie shoe. Either with brown suede vamp and brown calf quarter, or black suede vamp with patent quarter. Covered heel 2 1/2" high . . . 35/9



Eleanor

The fancy punching on this well-cut Derby shoe is distinctive without being obtrusive. In black or brown glazed kid. Covered heel 2 1/2" high . . . . 35/9

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Marrying Abroad.

The marriage is taking place on

January 28 at Lagos, Nigeria, between Mr. Robert Dennis Harding, West African Medical Service, the only surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Harding, of The Briars, Bath, and Miss Joyce Cunliffe, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Cunliffe, of Brookwood Corner, Ashstead, formerly of Singapore; Mr. E. K. Steward, Royal Signals, the son of Major-General E. M.



**CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. H. HUNT**  
Who were married recently. Captain Geoffrey H. Hunt, The Rifle Brigade, is the youngest son of Major and Mrs. Charles Hunt, of 14, Markham Square, S.W., and his wife was formerly Miss Hope C. Johnston, the only daughter of the late Colonel James Johnston, D.S.O., and Mrs. Johnston, of 31, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

Ruskin Wolseley, and Miss Joan Alys Trevelyan, the elder surviving daughter of the late Sir Walter J. Trevelyan, Bt., and of Lady Trevelyan, of Nettlecombe Court, Williton, Somerset, and 4E, Portman Mansions, W.; Mr. Nigel George Kingsford Burgess, the younger son of the late Commander Malcolm Burgess, Royal Navy, and of Mrs. John Bassett, of Ascot Hill, Ascot, and Miss Sylvia Constance Currie, the elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Ivor



May Wrightson

## MISS INA TOLLEMACHE

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Walter Ross Taylor, the elder son of Mr. W. Ross Taylor, M.P., and Mrs. Ross Taylor, of the Castle House, Orford, Suffolk. She is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope Tollemache and the late Hon. Stanhope Tollemache, of Bentley Manor, Suffolk, and 5, Chesham Street, Belgrave Sq.



Cull

## MISS FRANCES BROCKLEHURST

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brocklehurst, of "Anthony's Close," Caldy, Cheshire, who is engaged to Mr. Bryan H. Fawcett, the only son of Major and Mrs. Fawcett, of "Heathside," Tadworth, Surrey

Steward, C.B., O.B.E., and Mrs. Steward, of Army Headquarters, India, is marrying Miss M. E. (Peggy) Turnbull, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Turnbull, of Severalls House, Colchester, on January 23, at New Delhi; and on February 6, Mr. Robert H. Croker, of Rosario and Estancia San Jose, Paysandu, Uruguay, is marrying Miss Edith Gregson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gregson, formerly of Liss, and the wedding will be at St. John's Pro-Cathedral, Buenos Aires.

\* \* \*

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. Garnet Ruskin Wolseley, A.R.W.A., of 10, Saint Loo Mansions, Chelsea, the elder son of the late Rev. Robert Warren Wolseley, M.A., and Mrs. Jean

# 2,900 HOURS PER YEAR

spent in  
**LUXURIOUS REST**

*The Vi-Spring* **OVERLAY** *Mattress*  
REGD TRADE MARK

**The Vito Overlay Mattress.** This fine spring-centred mattress is, without question, the most comfortable and durable of all non-pocketed spring overlays. The unique shape of its Patent Vito Springs permits a method of assemblage which gives the 'Vito' a sturdiness obtainable in no other mattress. Judged by years of service and moderate price, it is the cheapest overlay mattress you can buy.

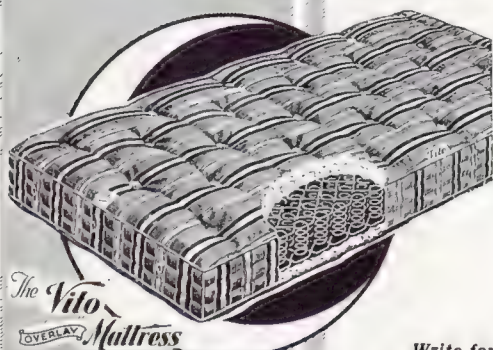
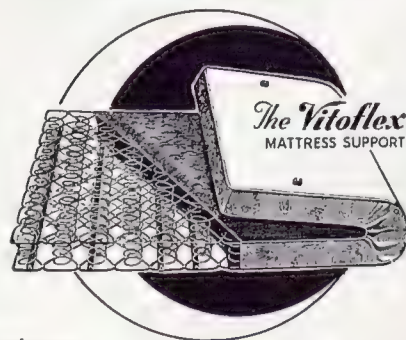
**The Vitoflex Mattress Support.** For comfort and durability it is essential to use an efficient support with any type of spring-centred overlay mattress. On the 'Vitoflex' all springs in the 'Vi-Spring' or 'Vito' Mattresses are evenly sustained and uniform softness and resiliency of the bed thus ensured. The 'Vitoflex' eliminates any possibility of sagging and adds a far greater degree of comfort than can be obtained from any other type of support.

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE  
HOUSE FURNISHERS.

Write for illustrated catalogue, post free on request to Sole Manufacturers:

**Vi-Spring Products Ltd.** 41, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10.

Should you wisely decide on a 'Vi-Spring,' look for the label bearing the registered name 'Vi-Spring' mattress when buying.

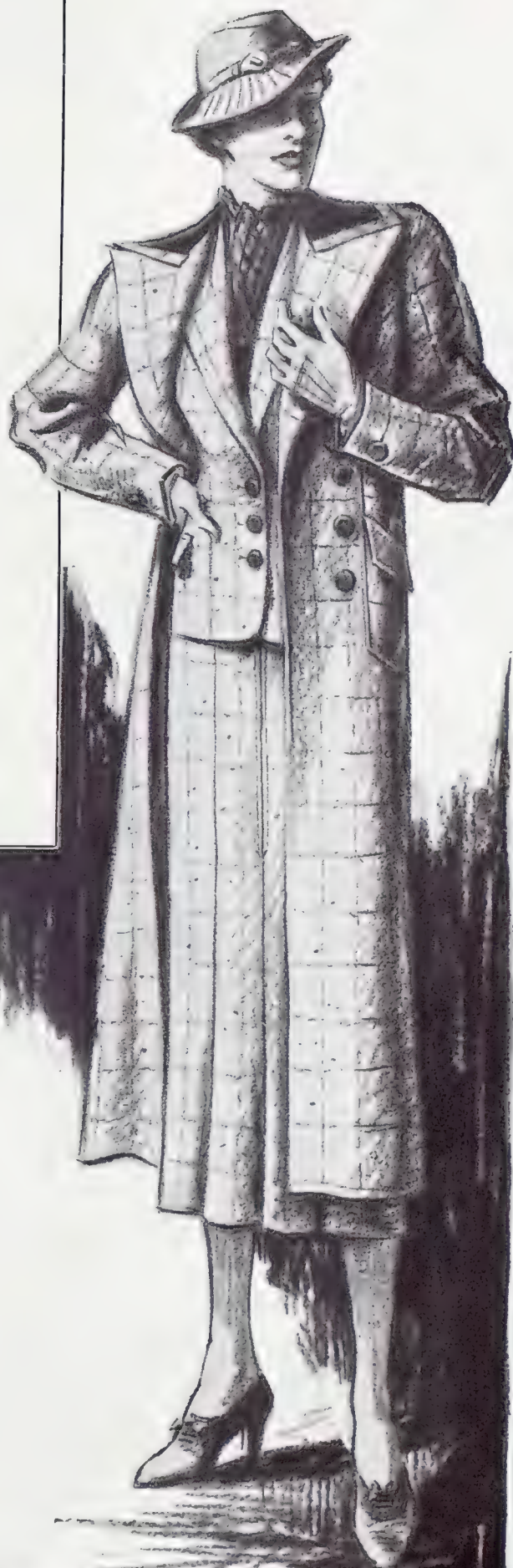


**A Bradley Man-tailored Ensemble**

designed in fine quality faint-check tweed. The suit is cut on classic lines with the skirt flared in front. Both coats are lined with silk throughout and the top-coat has a velveteen collar. It can be copied to order complete at the special price of 22 gns.

This Ensemble is one of an entirely new collection of Bradley models for Spring now being shown in the Salons at Chepstow Place and available for copying to order at "between-season" prices until February 20.

A catalogue illustrating a selection of these models will be sent on application.



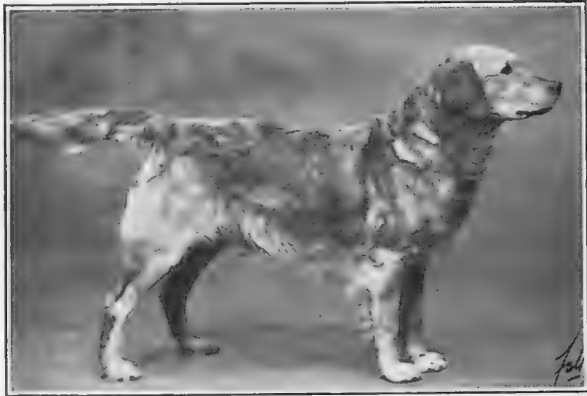
*Announcing  
Between Season  
Prices  
at*

*Bradleys*  
Only  
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CHEPSTOW  
PLACE,  
W.2

## LADIES' KENNEL

Now that the year has turned it is time to make plans for future shows and to consider our programme. First comes Cruft's, on February 10 and 11. This is the best known of all shows; people who never attend shows as a rule go to Cruft's. Then there is a gap in the London events, which start again in April with the Kensington Canine Association's shows. This time is not without shows, as there is the Scott K.C.'s at the end of February in Glasgow, and Manchester in March. But though all these are good shows, please make a special effort for our Open Show. It is on May 19 at Olympia. This is a specially good date; the visitors who come for the Coronation will still be here. Olympia is so easy to get at, and many of the visitors will want to see our dogs, so let us see that our Show is worthy of our Association and that our dogs are well represented

The Golden Retriever is one of the most attractive dogs; so attractive is he that at one time there was a danger of his working qualities being rather set aside and his becoming merely a companion dog. However, he had true friends and this danger is now past. Golden Retrievers take prominent parts in all Trials, and in addition there are some excellent Trials run by the Club, all of which keeps working qualities well to the fore. Mrs. Nairn



GOLDEN RETRIEVER

The property of Mrs. Nairn



SUDDEN CHIFFON

The property of Mrs. Vesey

owns a well-known kennel of Golden Retrievers. The head of it is the famous Ch. Birling James, of Somersby, whose picture we give. He has been a great success at stud, his puppies taking after him. All Mrs. Nairn's dogs are dual-purpose, and have to work as well as win. There are several other

## ASSOCIATION NOTES

certificate winners in the kennel. Mrs. Nairn usually has promising youngsters both for show and work for sale and is delighted to show her kennels near Maidenhead to anyone by appointment.

Mrs. Vesey specialises in black Cockers and keeps only a small kennel, selling off the puppies and just keeping a few bitches, but these bitches are all sound and typical by well-known sires. By this means she has built up a strain of regular breeders, all splendid mothers. Anyone getting a bitch from this kennel can be sure of getting a strong, healthy animal. She also has puppies of both sexes for sale, sometimes some rare ones. The picture is of Sudden Chiffon, winner of many prizes. The popularity of Cockers shows no sign of decreasing; in fact, if anything, they are more popular than ever. They are certainly most attractive dogs and make excellent companions, as they are usually good-tempered as well as intelligent.

People who own Dachshunds, and they are many, are always enthusiastic about them. They have much to recommend them; they take up very little room, their smooth, satiny coats bring in no dirt, and they are extremely intelligent. Miss Keswick has a good kennel of smooth Dachs-



DACHSHUNDS

The property of Miss Keswick

1850

## It could never, never, have happened with an ESSE Cooker . .

"It 'appened when me back was turned," cook used to say when things went wrong in the kitchen of 1850. Nowadays, with an ESSE installation, cook and mistress have no anxieties, for the ESSE is modern, reliable, easy to use and requires very little attention. Refuel the ESSE with anthracite just twice a day and it will burn continuously day and night, conserving an enormous amount of heat ready for cooking at the shortest notice. A

thermostat places every desired cooking temperature at the cook's disposal, while an immense hot plate is always ready for simmering and boiling. With a reputation for fine cooking and flexibility, the ESSE, for its efficiency, is the most economical cooker known—often reducing the normal fuel bill by more than 80%.

Demonstrations, to which you are cordially invited, are continuously in progress at our Conduit Street Model Kitchens.

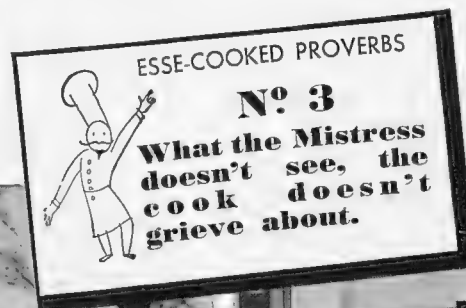
**PREMIER ESSE**, with auxiliary oven, as illustrated, for large residences.

**ESSE MINOR** for smaller households.

**ESSE MAJOR** for hotel and institutional use.

TWO SIZES OF BUILT-IN WATER HEATERS FOR DOMESTIC SUPPLY ARE AVAILABLE WITH ALL ESSE MODELS.

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS FROM A SHILLING A DAY.



Catalogues and full information are obtainable from Dept. T.C.3.

## THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY

BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND • PROPRIETORS: SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. (EST. 1854)  
WEST END SHOWROOMS AND DEMONSTRATING KITCHENS  
63 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Central 3655 (6 lines)  
Also at 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4, and at LIVERPOOL, EDINBURGH and GLASGOW



## There is good food at Monte Carlo

"**B**EASTS feed: man eats: the man of intellect alone knows how to eat," said Brillat Savarin, the gourmet's guide. It's a wise company, then, that gathers at Monte Carlo—for the food there is perfection.

Who that has once tasted it can forget the *madrilène* of Monte Carlo, rose-red and nectar to the palate? And what adventurer worthy of the name would not travel cross-continent to the Hôtel de Paris for *mostèle cambacères*—a local fish existing only, it would seem, for the delectation of the greedy. Chef Rampoldi is the great man responsible, for that and other *créations de la maison*—*Filet de sole nonante huit*, *Poularde soufflée Hôtel de Paris*, *Filet de boeuf Prince Albert*—the variety is endless. If you can't decide for yourself, get Maître d'hôtel Broc to do it for you. He is your mentor at the Sporting Club or Café de Paris. At the Hôtel de Paris Messieurs Barroni and Lanteri will guide, advise and cherish you. And they know how to do it—they've been at it for 25 and 40 years respectively!



This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo is cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

## CALENDAR

FEBRUARY—APRIL 1937

**SOCIAL EVENTS:** GALAS at INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB and HOTEL DE PARIS; Battle of Flowers, March 6; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during March; Flower Show, March 28–April 4; Dog Show, April 3–4; THEATRE—Season of Comedies and Operettas opened at Beaux Arts Theatre, January 21.

**SPORT:** Winter Sports at Beuil—Viking Cup and Primrose Cup, International Ski-jumping competition, February 21; Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), February 22–28; Easter Tournament, March 27–April 7; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, February 13; Sporting Club Cup, February 20; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, January 30 to February 3.

**MUSIC:** Concerts—Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), February 3; Charles PANZERA, February 5; Gioconda de VITO, February 10; Jacques THIBAUD, February 17; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, February 19; Richard STRAUSS, March 12; KREISLER, March 17 and 19; RACHMANINOFF, March 24 and 26; Bruno WALTER, March 31. **OPERA**—WAGNER'S "TRISTAN and ISOLDE," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, February 2; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, are appearing during the course of the season, which lasts till April 10.



## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 123

are employed on the Intelligence Staff of the pinchers, and I have every reason to believe that they do their job thoroughly well. To meet, of course, they are perfectly charming, and you would hardly believe that butter could melt in their mouths, even when the shade temperature is about 120 deg. The British-made modern rifle used to be worth its weight in gold pretty near, and I daresay it is still a very marketable article of commerce; quite a strong enough bait, anyway, to induce anyone to cut someone else's throat, or stab him in the back. Things were so bad at one time that no sentry was posted with a modern rifle, but was armed with some ancient fusil loaded with buck-shot. This, however, had its disadvantages because a single-shot weapon is ever a handicap, and if the sentry missed . . . !

The method in these little wars is probably familiar to everyone even if they have only read about them in the works of Rudyard K., so it is not necessary to elaborate. The general rule of the frontier *dusmán*, or enemy, is not to leave anything behind him sufficiently alive to curl a finger round a trigger. Otherwise it is all quite ordinary and according to plan. At the same time, and with all its drawbacks, there are many quite as dangerous places as the Frontier. In some you can't see the "rifle" in the hands of the "man behind the rock"—but he'll try to get you just the same. The advantage where the N.W.F. is concerned is that you know that any rock may conceal a crack sniper.



Dennis Moss

AT THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) HUNT CLUB BALL

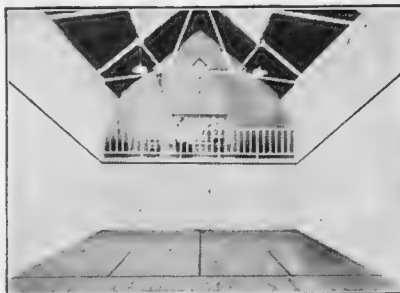
A cheerful supper party which includes Captain Travis, Miss Eve Parry-Jones, Mr Cleave, Captain and Mrs. E. Chester-Master and Major and Mrs. Wathen. Held according to custom in the Bingham Hall at Cirencester, Lord Bathurst's Hunt Club Ball had some three hundred and fifty supporters this year, the majority of whom stayed on for the final frolic which "John Peel" invariably produces

course, is inevitable, but most of them keep you guessing at what is going to be the outcome. This is the secret of a good crime story. The only one that I think hangs, because it is a bit prolix, is "Executions at Cape Remittance," a spy story which deals with the long arm of the Secret Service, which never lets a traitor to "The Game" get away with it. The spy is nobody's child; he accepts the fact when he enters upon his perilous and exciting career. If he succeeds he gets no medals; if he fails he has got to take everything and anything that may come to him. His employer, for obvious reasons, will not own up to being his employer, and if the other side get him there is nothing more to it than that. In the yarn to which I am referring we are given an insight into this side of the thing. Seek he the ends of the earth, the spy who double-crosses is for it!



By Appointment

# KEEP FIT THE 'EN-TOUT-CAS' WAY

By Appointment to  
H.M. the King of SwedenSquash Court built for Lady Howard de Walden,  
Chirk Castle, Wales.

Lady Howard de Walden's Squash Court (interior).

EN-TOUT-CAS TENNIS COURTS HAVE BEEN USED FOR BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR THE LAST 7 YEARS

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Swimming Pool and Dressing Rooms designed and built for the Marquis of Anglesey.



Indoor Swimming Pool, Lounge, etc., designed and built for G. S. Bush, Esq., Bristol.



Tennis Court and Garden House built for W. O. Devereux, Esq., Stoke Poges.

Final Hard Court Singles Championship.  
Perry v. Austin, 1936.

Surveys made. Plans, Specifications and Estimates submitted to Client's requirements.

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Seek comfort, sport, pleasure, health. Special reduced 30-day Holiday Tickets with 25% reduction in Wagons-lits and Pullman accommodation. Take advantage of the family ticket giving 75% reduction for the third and subsequent persons. If you wish to take your car with you, it will be transported free on rail in France, under certain conditions.

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● ASK FOR booklets: "FRANCE", "HOTELS IN FRANCE", etc., from the FRENCH RAILWAY & TOURIST OFFICE, 179, Piccadilly, W.1, the SOUTHERN RAILWAY, Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or any Travel Agent.

MAKE A NOTE OF THE 50% REDUCTION IN FRENCH RAILWAY FARES FOR THE  
**PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION - 1937**



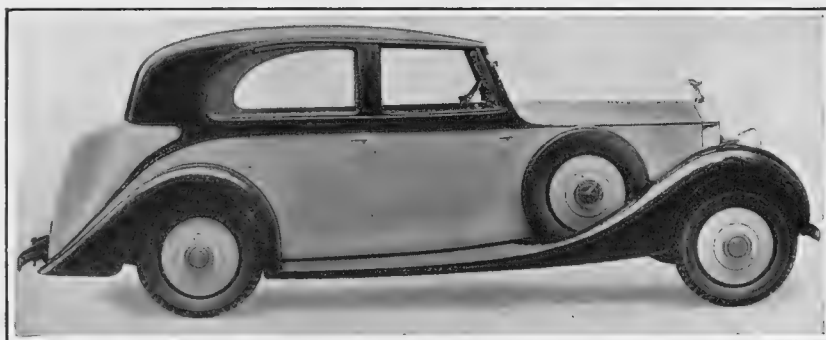
"I can tell it's a  
Wills's Gold Flake  
... it's such a  
**CLEAN SMOKE**"

CLEAN AND SMOOTH TO THE PALATE

**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 134

a down-draught carburetter and cooling by pump and fan. The four-speed gear box has a central change-speed lever, while the hand brake lever is on the right. Steering is by worm and nut. Ignition is by coil with automatic advance. Fuel is carried in a fourteen-gallon rear tank. The price of the Safety Saloon Hillman Hawk is £295 and of the Saloon de Luxe £320. The Touring Car de Luxe is also £320.

This is a car whose ways one "falls into" immediately one takes the wheel, and that alone is commendation. The controls are well placed so that no acrobatics are needed to get at any of them, and one sits and drives naturally. My stop watch gave me an acceleration figure from rest to 50 miles an hour of about 16½ seconds. I did not do a timed maximum speed, but a speedometer reading of 75 miles an hour was secured on a suitable stretch of road. The independently mounted front wheels, together with the worm and nut steering, result in an entire absence of shock on the wheel, and I can report most favourably on the road-holding. They have got the suspension just right in this car, and one can go into corners at quite high speeds with confidence and the feeling that one can place the car to a nicety as close to the kerb as you like. The brakes want firm treatment, but when they get it they do their work extremely well. The clutch is smooth. The ventilated system not only cools it, but also helps to eject particles resulting from wear. Such particles, in clutches where they have no exit, may cause considerable fierceness. Third is a useful ratio and justifies the four-speed box. One more thing: the starter is unusually silent in operation. The mascot puzzled me a little. It seems to be an airship with wings on. But it looks all right, and, if one must have mascots, it is as good as any other.



A SMART BODY ON AN ARISTOCRATIC CHASSIS: A WINDOVER SEDANCA 25-30 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

Windovers of Conduit Street have supplied this 25-30 h.p. Rolls-Royce to the order of Miss Betty Balfour, the film star. The body is their Sedan de Ville; its neat lines suit the chassis admirably

**Air Eddies**—continued from p. 136**Touring Abroad.**

The fuel and oil companies have done much in aiding aviation. In fact, without their systems of encouragement and help I am doubtful if aviation could have made half the headway it has made. Many of the biggest and best flights have been sponsored in one way or another by the fuel and oil companies, and their assistance has invariably taken a practical form. I want this week, when the early birds are thinking about touring abroad, to direct attention to the Stanavo aviation service of the Anglo-American Oil Company. As many people seem to be confused about the names, I should mention that Stanavo petrols and oils are distributed in Great Britain by the proprietors of Esso petrols and Essolube. The pilot who is going abroad acquires a Stanavo carnet which, in the first place, allows him to get supplies of aviation petrol and oil on credit in all parts of the world. But his way is also smoothed in other respects. The Stanavo representative will take charge of all the be-fuddling formalities. He will advance the currency of the country, he will interpret, cope with the Customs, and arrange about tax. This is a genuine and valuable service to air pilots.

**Fog and Ice.**

IT is satisfactory to note that the Air Ministry has decided to adopt de-icers for Royal Air Force bombers. The high speeds of present-type machines and the largely increased amount of cloud and near-cloud flying have made ice-accretion a much greater danger than it used to be. European commercial pilots avoid ice-accretion by moving to another layer of air; but sometimes the service pilot might be unable to do so. Consequently, the machine above all others which needs de-ice equipment is the bomber. The sooner it is fitted with it the better.

*Forhans Goes Deeper*

Half-way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, spongy gums! Forhans brand dentifrice does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection.

Why take chances with your teeth?

Begin to-day to use Forhans original dentifrice. Notice how much fresher it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhans was created by one of the world's leading dental surgeons. There is no substitute. Ask for Forhans to-day. On sale throughout the world.

**Forhans** BRAND  
Original DENTIFRICE FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH

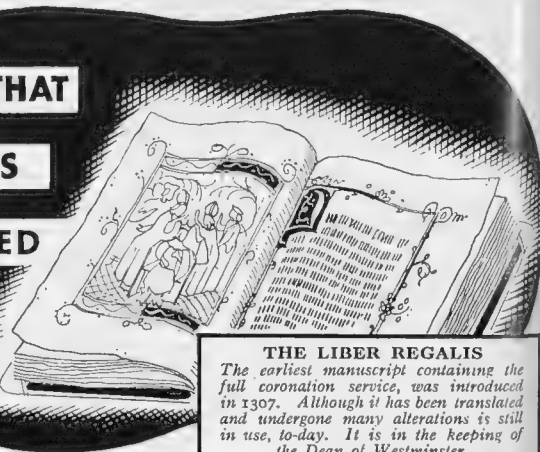
DOES BOTH JOBS  
CLEANS TEETH  
SAVES GUMS

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Now on Sale

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TIME HAS  
HONOURED**



Supplied only in quarts and magnums. Sold everywhere at home and abroad. If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write Sole Proprietors, J. & W. Hardie, Scotland.

**THE LIBER REGALIS**

The earliest manuscript containing the full coronation service, was introduced in 1307. Although it has been translated and undergone many alterations it is still in use, to-day. It is in the keeping of the Dean of Westminster.

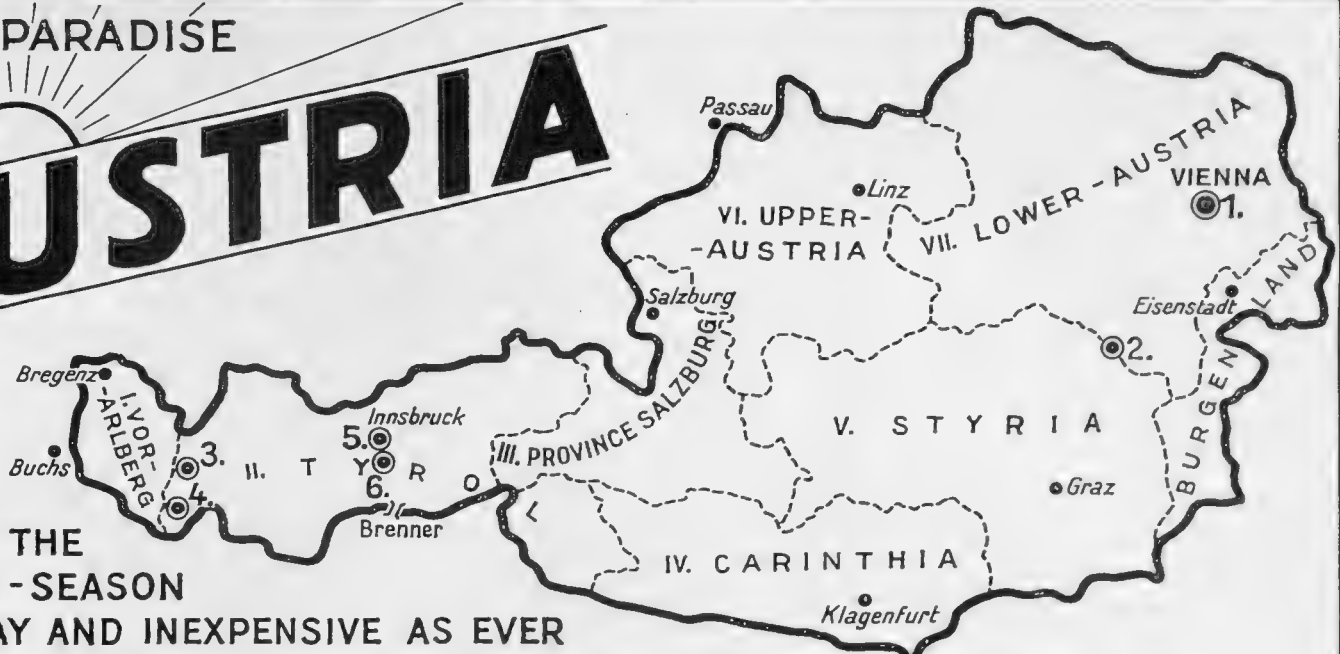
**S**ILENCE is the appreciation that men reserve for the finest creations of Time. And men of experience have tried in vain to describe the mellow perfection of this fine old Liqueur Scotch Whisky—the first and best of its kind. But the fact that they always insist upon The "Antiquary", and enjoy it equally with water or soda is sufficient proof of their appreciation

**Make it your Home Whisky!**

*The*  
**"Antiquary"**  
THE FIRST OLD LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

SKI PARADISE

AUSTRIA



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Explanation: The numbers indicated in the map of Austria correspond with those mentioned in each advertisement, ordinary numbers indicating a place, Roman numbers indicating a province of Austria.

1. VIENNA,

Life is short—hurry to enjoy Vienna during the carnival.

1. Hotel Sacher, Vienna  
Opposite the Opera, exclusive but inexpensive.

2. SEMMERING (3,500 feet alt.)  
Austria's fashionable Winter Sports resort. All sports. Alpine Casino.  
BY RAIL OR CAR IN 1½ HOURS FROM VIENNA

2. SÜDBAHN HOTEL SEMMERING  
The Leading House : Strictly First Class  
ALL WINTER SPORTS INDOOR SWIMMING POOL

II. TYROL, the country of wintersports, invites you cordially.  
Information, folders, etc., at all travel-agencies and at Landesverkehrsamt für Tirol, Innsbruck.

3. ST. ANTON am Arlberg  
1,000 beds, all prices.  
Ski-ing instruction by Hannes-Schneider-School.

4. GALTÜR-Tyrol-Silvretta (5,500 feet.)  
Railway Station Landeck on the Arlberg Line. International Winter Sports resort. Ideal Ski-ing fields for beginners; many excursions possible. Hotel and Board from 7 to 16 Austrian Shillings, no extra charges. Five o'clock Tea, Amusements, Ski-races. Information: Verkehrsverein Galtür.

4. Hotel Fluchthorn, Galtür, Tyrol (5,300 feet)  
Winter Sports Hotel, every comfort. Concert every afternoon, amusements every night. Ideal for rest and sport. Centre of SILVRETTA—and FERWALLGRUPPE. Folders.

5. INNSBRUCK  
SKI-ING AND SUNBATHING!  
6,500 feet above the sea at Seegrube and Patscherkofel. Cheap cable railway fares; special "ski-tickets." Always plenty of snow. Ski-Panorama and new folder by "Verkehrsverein Innsbruck."

6. IGLS. Golf-Hotel, Iglerhof (3,000 feet). Sun-Rest cure—every kind of winter sport. Cable railway to 7,000 feet. First Class Hotel-180 Beds, every modern comfort, Vienna Orchestra. Full board from 12 Austrian Shillings. Telephone: Innsbruck 1665.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL WINTER SPORT PLACES.

(Provinces arranged according to geographical position from West to East.)

I. VORARBERG	Feet Above Sea Level	II. TYROL (contd.)	Feet Above Sea Level	II TYROL (contd.)	Feet Above Sea Level	V. STYRIA	Feet Above Sea Level
Bödele ...	3,762	Galtür ...	5,224	St. Anton a/Arlberg ...	4,300	Bad Aussee ...	2,145
Brand ...	3,460	Gerlos ...	4,095	St. Johann i/Tirol ...	2,211	Mariazell ...	2,887
Gargellen ...	4,620	Gerlosplatte ...	5,600			Mitterndorf ...	2,680
Körbersee ...	5,594	Hintertux ...	4,930	III. SALZBURG		Turracherhöhe ...	5,818
Lech a/Arlberg ...	4,620	Hochsölden ...	6,830	Hofgastein ...	2,870		
Schröcken ...	4,191	Igls ...	2,700	Lofer ...	2,140		
Schruns ...	2,308	Ischgl ...	4,544	Radstadt ...	2,825		
Stuben a/Arlberg ...	4,520	Kitzbühel ...	2,650	Saalfeld ...	3,300		
Zürs a/Arlberg ...	5,876	Kitzbühel-Ehrenbachhöhe ...	6,030	St. Johann i/Pongau ...	1,674		
		Kühtai ...	6,586	Zell a/See ...	2,487		
II. TYROL		Lermoos ...	3,287			VI. UPPER AUSTRIA	
Alpbach ...	3,210	Seefeld ...	3,900	IV. CARINTHIA		Bad Ischl ...	1,544
Berwang ...	4,422	Steinach a/Brenner ...	3,277	Heiligenblut ...	4,303	Feuerkogel ...	5,280
Ehrwald ...	3,290			Kanzelhöhe ...	4,900	Spital a/Pyhrn ...	2,177
				Mallnitz ...	3,960	VII. LOWER AUSTRIA	
						Semmering ...	3,300

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## From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 100

interfered with in these regions, and may those responsible come to a sticky end. The North were at Sawley and did have a short hunt from Dean Wood to Studley, but here also foxes were bad to find, probably owing to the wild night before. From Copmanthorpe on Saturday (9th) the South lady pack went to draw Colton Hagg and had quite a nice little spin, after which some time elapsed before finding again at Nun Appleton. The interval, however, provided a nice bit of comic relief when one follower, having refused a post-and-rail, and encouraged by being told that "he'd do it next time," jumped the obstacle himself, bridle in hand, leaving his charger behind minus the said bridle. However, it's all in the day's work. Monday saw the Northerners at Goldsborough for a day in the woodlands; not as exciting as the open, but they had two hunts of 70 and 90 minutes, and it was quite good fun. On Tuesday the South met at Naburn for the first time for over two years, this country having been short of foxes. Anyhow, the Moreby Wood fox gave us a capital 55 minutes' gallop over Moreby Park, down to the river, past Stillingfleet House, through Kelfield Wood, past Stillingfleet, and back along the beck to where we found him. Unfortunately, this run took us through most of the draw and we didn't find him again, which, with the rain coming on strongly, sent us all home somewhat chastened to prepare for the Hunt ball next day.

### From the Beaufort

A lack and alas! the 'Flu epidemic has taken a heavy toll of us, but those who have managed to ward it off have been rewarded with excellent sport. Saturday from Stanton St. Quentin was considered by many to have been the best day this year; our pilot chose an excellent line over the cream of the country around Alderton. There was a lot of grief during the day. On Monday at Compton Bassett, when the going was very heavy, a fair day's sport followed, and, unfortunately, Fred Brown strained his riding muscles and had to retire, Captain Frank hunting them for the rest of the day. Children's parties galore during the last ten days, and quite a number of grown-ups from here attended the V.W.H. Hunt Ball at Cirencester on Friday. Our Point-to-Point is fixed for a week later this year, March 11, at the same rendez-vous, Leighterton, and will again be run under the capable management of Captain Bill Harris, and it is to be hoped that the locals will support him with plenty of entries for our members' races.

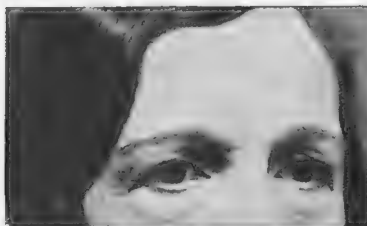
### From the Fernie

The village green at Husbands Bosworth gave an old English touch to our Monday meet. There was a good muster of the regulars. Entering Bosworth Park, where the tax collector was lying in wait, it was evident the going had improved after a drying wind. Finding a fox in de Traffords the pack ran merrily out to Sulby, a gallop which stirred the blood of the ever-impetuous field. Grief came early, Vivien coming down badly, and, getting somewhat concussed, was taken home. Hounds were well into Pytchley domains before scent failed them near Naseby. We were pleased to see Lady Cromwell back in the saddle again after her recent accident. A Bosworth Gorse fox in the afternoon gave the run of the day into the Laughton country. That keen rider to hounds, Mrs. Tony Bellville, who travels long distances to hunt with us, was always well to the fore. A perishing cold wind penetrated our armour on Thursday, when the meet was held at Thurnby. Thanks, however, to the Forsells' hospitality, the innards were comforted. The by-ways were packed with mounted and foot as we moved off, led by Winkadale, to Stoughton, from whence a fox, with hounds close on his brush, outstripped the field, who got tied up near Oadby, and not until the Stretton spinnies were reached were they found again. Cold waits at Glen Gorse and Harris's, without results, were recompensed by a rousing hunt from Halls Spinney by way of Norton and Houghton to Thurnby Covert, the cut-'em-downs getting full scope for their proclivities. Loose horses were visible in several fields, the unlucky jockeys plugging through the mud to recover them.

### From the Cheshire

With scent having improved things have quickened up a lot. For a moment one must cast back to Vicks' extra good New Year Fancy Dress Party, and a lot could be written on what people wore or "didn't," but space will not allow. A twenty-two-mile hunt the next day but one gave those who hadn't the 'Flu something they won't forget for some time. A Bolesworth Castle meet is just my cup of tea; about eight miles away, "too far to ride," one then starts the trip right, full of the things the doctor seldom orders.

Two nice hunts followed: (1) Over part of the wire-free estate of Bolesworth to the hills; (2) "Pa Mat" (capper in chief) after a decontrolled lady travelling at speed, "a monkey to a mouse trap" that he never got on terms (but no doubt the said lady had been already capped in Shropshire earlier in the day and appeared booked through for an evening hunt with the Wirral harriers).



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Spend your holiday in Naples and its environs; travel along the "Golden Riviera" and see Amalfi, Capri, Caserta, Castellammare, Ischia, La Solfatara, Positano, Sorrento, Vesuvius . . .

Naples is pleasant throughout the year but its gentle climate is most delightful in the Spring. Think of the lazy, warm, sunny days you could spend "exploring" in the world-famed archaeological centres near-by: Pompei, Herculaneum, Cuma, Paestum . . .

There is no end to Naples' attractions . . . the Spring calendar includes: Opera, Symphony Concerts, Racing, Hunting, Yachting, Motorboating, International Tennis Tournaments, Folklore and Religious Festivals, Theatre, Musical Comedies, Dancing . . .

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1936

1937

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FUN FAIR ONLY, 1/3 (inc. Tax).  
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**THE SALVATION ARMY**

## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE



CLEVER MISS MAY

Of Maurice and May, an extremely clever and amusing cycle act which is one of the features of Bertram Mills' circus at Olympia. Maurice, dressed as a tramp, gives an act full of humour, and his tricks are amazing

English people who want to see something of this modern kingdom, with which we are in such close relations, and something of the ancient land that lies, as it were, beyond it in the past. Certainly there is nowhere that better repays a winter visit; nowhere with a sunnier, warmer climate; nowhere that the tourist can be more sure that he will be well looked after, whether in the hotels he stays at, the trains he travels by, or doing that famous trip by river steamer up the Nile. And socially, during these winter months, it is one of the gayest and most delightful places in the world.

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, need gifts to help an East London man who is struggling to remain independent. Since the age of two he has been a cripple and obliged to wear a surgical support from the waist downwards. In spite of this handicap he goes out daily to a local bootmaker, where he works as a shoe repairer. Latterly, owing to increasing age and ill health, his wages have fallen to 18s. or 19s. weekly, most of which he pays to his married sister for board and lodging. The doctor insists that he has a new support, for his present one is past repair. This will cost £28, and although half of the sum has been collected from various sources, there is still £14 to raise. The poor man can only just keep himself, so that he has to plead for outside help.

Our recently signed Treaty of Alliance with Egypt opens a new phase in the relations between the two countries. It may be pleasantly expected that one sign of this will be a considerable increase in the number of

The fact that over 200 London streets have changed their names during 1936 is revealed in the "1937 Post Office London Directory" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, W.C.2, Cloth 55s., Leather 70s.). The London Authorities agreed some time ago that systematic renaming of streets in London was long overdue, and now the process is well under way. How many streets in different parts of London bear the same names? There are thirty-six Wellington Streets, roads, places, &c., in the Street Section of the 1937 Post Office London Directory, easily beating Nelson's twenty-four. There is the famous Wellington Street, off the Strand, which, very properly, leads to Waterloo, but as well there are Wellington Streets in Poplar, Canning Town, Deptford, Camden Town and Chelsea. The rest are Wellington Roads (eleven of these), buildings, mews (two), rows, grove, avenue. It shows we are proud of the Duke — and that we lack system. A problem that has been tackled this year is that of the innumerable High Streets in London. This has been solved easily. High Street Hampstead becomes Hampstead High Street, and the same procedure is followed with the High Streets in Clapham, Deptford, Homerton, Islington, Lambeth, Notting Hill Gate, Peckham, Putney, Roehampton, etc.



BOB ROBINSON AND VIRGINIA MARTIN

The clever young American dancers who appeared in *Please Teacher* at the London Hippodrome with great success and are now playing in C. B. Cochran's supper time revue at the Trocadero

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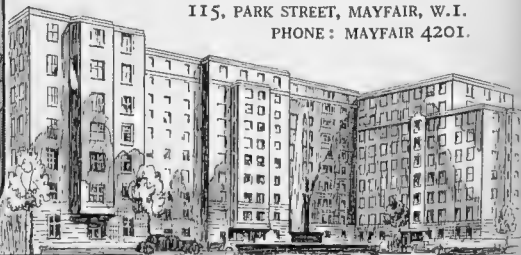
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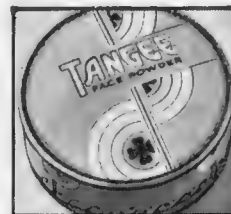
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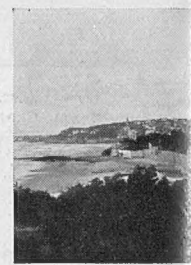
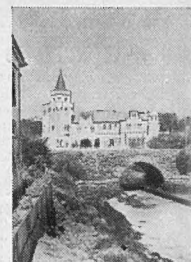
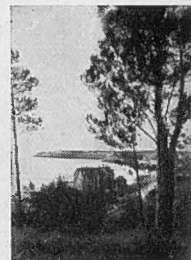
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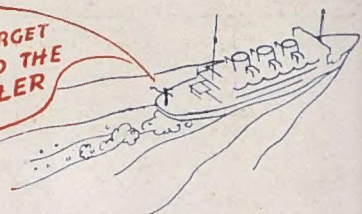
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